

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1778.

London, Saturday, February 15, 1851.

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ceeding LECTURES on the five following Mondays.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN, that CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE,  
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We are told by M. Sismondi that for twenty years of his life he had never laboured less than eight hours a day upon his celebrated 'History of the Italian Republics.' No sooner was it finished than he began his 'History of France,' and continued to work upon it at the same rate for twenty-four years more. Thus out of a literary life which extended through half a century, above forty years of unintermitting toil were spent in the production of these two histories. It is with literature as with buildings,—we commend the massive structures of a former period and condemn the flimsy erections of our own, forgetful that the apparent superiority of the past arises from the fact that what was flimsy has perished, and what is massive remains. Notwithstanding that ours is called a desultory age, no generation has produced a man with the powers of Sismondi, who has exhibited such long and exclusive devotion to a single pursuit. If the great historian has proved that France can still give birth to untiring students, Southey has shown that England is not less prolific. His industry was equal, though his pursuits were more varied. He began to be an author in his early spring, and an author he continued to the winter of his days. Through that long interval a book or a pen was always in his hand; he was either appropriating the knowledge of others, or dispensing his own. As he usually carried a volume in his walks, his very recreation, as Pope said of himself, resembled that of the shopkeeper, who paces to and fro before his door, and minds his business all the while. The number of subjects to which he gave a concurrent and zealous attention, was truly surprising. He was like one of those conduits of the olden time which on festive occasions sent forth various streams of different wine. Scott had a far brighter genius, a readier pen, and powers more versatile, but the labours of Scott, except at the close of his life, were slight in comparison with the labours of Southey. The water gushed freely from the former as from a perennial fountain,—the latter fetched it from the well, and spent much of his time in filling the bucket. This literary labour was the luxury of his life. While he tugged at the oar like a galley slave, he felt the exhilaration of a man who is rowing for amusement. He would not, he said, accept ten thousand pounds to forego his pursuit, for twice ten thousand would be insufficient to purchase one half of the pleasure. Even his task-work he preferred to all professions and trades. "It is better," he writes, "than pleading in a court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor; better than calculating profits and loss on a counter; better, in short, than anything but independence." There were times when his head and hand grew weary, but his abiding feeling was one of satisfaction. "Had I," he wrote towards the end of his career, "kept the path wherein I was placed, I might have been a bishop at this day, and therefore I bless God even for having gone astray, since my aberrations have terminated in leading me to a happier, a safer, and a more useful station."

When Buffon declared that the delights of composition had often enticed him to pass fourteen hours in transport at his desk, he spoke Southey's impressions as truly as his own. Society had no charms to seduce the laureat from his beloved books. Rather he re-echoed the saying of the French physician, Morin,—"Those who visit me do me an honour,—those who stay away confer on me a *favour*." Not that churlishness was an ingredient in his nature. His dislike was to the restraint and excitement of company,—to the talk without sense, and the compliments without sincerity, but never did there live a more generous and affectionate being, one with higher claims to the attachment of his friends and the love of his family. If the old students had the strength of the oak they had also its nodosities. In Southey there was the union of a scholar's head and a woman's heart.

The majority of enthusiasts are given to undervalue all pursuits except their own. Newton considered poetry to be nonsense, antiquities he thought contemptible, and the controversy of Bentley and Hare on the comedies of Terence, he termed a squabble about a play-book. Southey, who admitted the use of science, had, on his part, a low and very unjust opinion of scientific men. But the most signal instance of this narrowness of mind was his declaration that literary was the only valuable fame. Cowley thought otherwise. He preferred the glory which was the shadow of virtue, and though he confessed it did no good to the body it accompanied, he believed it efficacious, like the shadow of St. Peter, to cure the diseases of others. Scott, again, thought otherwise. To have done things worthy to be written, he held a far higher merit than merely to have written things worthy to be read. His biographer, who states this, saw him twice betray painful emotion when his works were said to reflect honour on the age which had produced the steam-engine of Watt, and the safety-lamp of Davy. Cowley and Scott decided against themselves, and it is probable that Scott may have decided wrong; but whatever glory is best there can be no pretence for Southey's idea that literature alone deserves to be crowned. There have been sovereigns, statesmen, warriors, patriots, philanthropists, judges, physicians, naturalists, painters, sculptors, who have merited and obtained the homage of posterity, and if hereafter Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, should have a place in the Temple of Fame, we cannot persuade ourselves that Robert Southey, poet laureat, will have any great reason to be ashamed of his company. Every profession has its particular temptations, and an overweening sense of their own importance is a common failing of literary men. From this circumstance of their loving dearly to have an altar for their pedestal, and worshippers kneeling round it, Horace Walpole found them pleasanter to read than to know. Southey, to be sure, fancied that he hated incense, and yet his published works and private letters are full of self-flattery. While the public were bidding him to go and sit down lower, he was placing himself in one of the highest rooms. This can never be decent. Accius the poet, a little man, put up a huge statue of the diminutive original in the Temple of Muses, and though Accius had been Virgil, the vanity of the act would have tarnished his renown. "If," remarks Dryden, "a man speaks ever so little of himself, in my

opinion that little is too much." "The less you say of your own greatness," observed Bacon to Coke, "the more I shall think of it." Humility is the shading which gives lustre to excellence. The actor who applauded his own performance would run a risk of being laughed at or hissed by the audience.

The changes of creed, ecclesiastical and civil, through which Southey passed, were marked by the self-sufficiency which was his principal weakness. "Would to God," said Averroes, regretting the faults of his youth, "that I had been born old!" But since that is impossible, nobody except the fool will be consistent in his notions, for to live unaltered is not to profit by experience. Southey began at one end, and finished at the other, having travelled so slowly, that he was near the termination of his career before he had arrived at a goal which is the starting-place of thousands. But though this shows that in matters of church and state he was devoid of depth and sagacity, there is nothing to blame. The error was his intolerance in judging the convictions and changes of others. No man whose mind developed differently from his own could possibly be sincere. He might pass from north to south with the laureate's approbation, as long as he kept in an onward direction; but once let him fear that he had mistaken the path, and return on his footsteps, and he had forfeited his claims to the commonest honesty. As with individuals, so with opinions. He spoke, he said, on moral and political subjects in the very gall of bitterness, and expected to carry the habit to the grave. They were just the subjects on which his experience of his fallibility should have taught him to speak with humility and mistrust. In literature, the taste of his youth was, in essential respects, the taste of his age; and here, where he might have spoken with the authority of a master, he was in general the gentlest and most considerate of critics. It is singular enough how often we select the rotten bough of the tree for a specimen of our strength. The wise have their follies, the good have their vices; but when we call to mind his profuse liberality, his ardent affection, his gentle disposition, his cheerfulness in toil, his patience in disappointment, his integrity amid temptation, we are free to confess that the merits of Southey outweigh his defects as much as the metal outweighs the rust upon its surface. Unfortunately, the son, with all his filial reverence, has not done justice to his father. To reveal foibles, we acknowledge, is the duty of a biographer. If characters are to be preserved, they should be depicted as they were, or lives would be no better than amplified epitaphs. But Mr. C. Southey has left defects in the foreground, and cast the virtues into the shade. The notices of a generosity, which would have redeemed a hundred errors, are so sparing and casual, that unless others had been more communicative, we should with difficulty have divined it. The 'Life and Correspondence' is a very interesting work, and will be read and valued by every lover of literature; but as yet the 'Correspondence' alone has appeared—the 'Life' remains to be written. The son of one of the best biographers in the language seems never to have formed the remotest idea of the nature of his task. There is no attempt to detail the history of his father's mind,—to trace his progress from republican to ultra-Tory, from Socinian to champion of the Church of England;—there is no summary of the criticism his works drew forth, no effort made

to estimate their beauties and defects; no reminiscences have been collected from surviving friends, nor the materials used which were already before the world; no sketches are given of the persons among whom he lived, nor anything, in short, besides half-a-dozen pages on the laureate's habits. The single conception which Mr. C. Southey appears to have formed of his father's biography is summed up in the line—

"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."

And yet in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' which he has quoted more than once, he had a perfect model by which to work. There he would have seen the author and the man in every stage of his career, and in every capacity of his existence,—Scott in his study and in court—in his family and in society—in his favourite haunts and lightest amusements. There he would have seen him in the exact relation in which he stood to his children, his intimates, his acquaintances, and dependants, —the central figure, and the circle which surrounded it, (Constable, the Ballantynes, Erskine, Terry, and a score or two besides,) all drawn with such individuality of feature, and all painted in such vivid colours, that we seem not to be moving among the shadows of the dead, but to live with the men themselves. And that nothing might be wanting to complete the portrait, even localities are described in words which so speak to the mind, that, unbidden, it summons up the objects to the eye. The entire biographical literature of Europe has nothing to compare with the 'Life of Scott,' either in the conception of the plan, or in the skill with which the artist has executed his design. The similarity of the materials upon which he was to work,—a fragment of an autobiography and a mass of correspondence—the points of resemblance between the men,—both of them poets, historians, and reviewers, and both supplying the same generation with incessant publications—all conspire to render it unaccountable that the example set in the biography of Scott should have been totally lost on the biographer of Southey. There are parts of the parallel more pathetic. Both heroes found that the path of life lies at the outset through a garden, and then through a wilderness; both wore out their faculties with over-exertion, lavishing the capital instead of keeping to the interest; and both, when they grew too faint to proceed, were too resolute to stop. The glories of Scott's career, and the energy and gaiety of his noble nature, are related in a tone as genial as the facts; and when the master changes his hand, first to depict the brave man struggling with adversity, and next his growing exhaustion, as he continues to front and stem the sea of troubles, and, above all, when he shows us the mind o'erthrown, and, drawing aside the curtain, discloses the bed of death, we question whether a second narrative could be found so exquisite in taste, so powerful in description, so heart-rending in its pathos. Mr. C. Southey still owes a debt to his father and the world, and we trust he will qualify himself by a diligent perusal of our great biographies to pay it hereafter. When he is settled in his vicarage—we hope it is a good one—he should prepare us a second instalment of the letters, and the first of the life.

Southey, as an author, had a two-fold object—to earn bread and fame. He never managed to amalgamate the tasks, and since he could not relinquish the one, and would not the other, he was always exposed to a

double toil. The booksellers offered prizes for shooting light arrows, and Southey imagined there was greater glory in throwing a heavy bar. His original ambition was to sit with Homer and Milton, and when the public, who kept the door, refused him admittance, he reposed on the belief that the keys would pass to a wiser generation, who would be proud to let him in. Continued apathy on the part of the world abated his confidence, and he began to predict that although he had done enough to be remembered among poets, it was among historians that he should meet with his highest renown. The second throw was more unlucky than the first; his poems had admirers, his histories had none. That future juries will cancel the verdict is very unlikely. Of all the appeals from the judgments of contemporaries, not half a dozen in the annals of the world have been reversed by posterity. Time has laid many reputations in the dust, but has seldom raised one out of it. Now that readers are legion, there is less chance than ever that injustice should be done, and already we find that the new age before which Southey stands confirms the decree of the old. The state of literature when most of his poems were published was certainly unfavourable to great success. Between Thalaba and Madoc appeared the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the comparatively feeble notes of Southey were drowned in the animated and exciting strains of the aged harper. Before Scott had satiated the ears of his audience, the daring spirit of Byron awoke the lyre, and for a long time remained lord of the ascendant. But the poems of Wordsworth, which were under greater disadvantages, because more unadorned than those of the laureate, have made their way to popular favour, and it is reasonable to suppose that his brother bard would with equal merit have had equal fame. With many of the faculties of a poet, Southey was deficient in that 'energy divine' which is the soul of song. His larger pieces have numerous passages of beautiful description, of tenderness, and of eloquence, but taken as a whole they are languid and tedious. They are intended to be poems of character and action, and have neither stirring incident nor dramatic power. Roderick is the personage who is the farthest removed from the cold abstractions in which Southey deals, but contrast him with *Hamlet*, and the narrowness of the conception is at once apparent. Both are absorbed in a single passion, but *Hamlet* changes with every scene, is always another and always the same, while Roderick's sermons are mere repetitions of his opening discourse. None of these poems have much novelty of sentiment; the language is flowing, but few of the phrases are particularly felicitous; the verse is smooth, but never attains to a luxury of sound. A general criticism must fail to do justice to occasional parts, though it will still be true that good passages and a great poem are widely different things. The neglect of the histories is easily explained. Southey had a fondness for whimsical knowledge and infinitesimal facts. He made no distinction between the sand on the shore and its smooth pebbles and pretty shells. Wearisome details, though told in an elegant but not an animated style, have no chance of being heard by a feverish age. There have been men of less talent who have succeeded better because their tastes were in harmony with those of the world. His want of tact,

in this respect, was really extreme. The opening volumes of 'The Doctor' excited great and just admiration for the exceeding beauty of the moral reflections, the domestic scenes, and the sketches of the manners of by-gone days, and hardly less censure for the ponderous nonsense and childish follies to which the beauties were joined. Instead of eschewing the dulness and puerilities in succeeding volumes, he went on diminishing what was excellent, and multiplying what was worthless, till he had almost ruined the reputation of a work, which in its earlier parts is, perhaps, the happiest production of his pen.

The essays and biographies to which Southey owed his subsistence have hitherto remained the proudest monuments of his fame. They are not, indeed, conspicuous for profound maxims or accurate reasoning. It was impossible they should; for he confessed to Coleridge that he could never engage in regular trains of thought unless the pen was in his hand. "They then flow as fast as did the water from the rock in Horeb, but without that wand the source is dry." The works of the man who only thinks while he writes must be more remarkable for the extent of the superficies than for the depth of the strata. But his mind was quick, his knowledge abundant, his feelings delightful. His style, though somewhat wanting in vigour, was eminently pleasing, and exactly suited for an easy narrative. He had the art of dove-tailing disjointed materials; he put everything in its place, and had a place for everything. The combined result was a charming essay, which always informed without tasking the mind, flowing along like a rippling stream, that sparkles gently as it goes, and reveals through its lucid waters a variegated bed, and not unsparingly dotted with lustrous stones. Poetry, Southey insisted, must be studied as an art. He had submitted to the discipline, and could tell every master by whom he had been formed, from Spenser down to Bowles. But style in prose, he maintained, was a natural gift, and that those wrote best who thought about it least. Thus he is a singular instance of an author whose success was in the inverse ratio to his efforts. What he elaborated for immortality are the least admired of his works, and the verse which he cultivated with so much pains is eclipsed by the prose that sprang spontaneously from the soil.

The grand object which Southey proposed to himself, was to earn an enduring name. The prospect is dazzling; but near observation will make wise men pause before they strip for the race. The prize is hard to win, hard to keep, hardest of all to enjoy. The chaplet on the side which is turned to the public may show roses alone, but there are thorns enough in the interior circle which presses on the brow. Toil and disappointment attend the outset of the career, and when success begins, envy and detraction follow close behind. The same ambition which makes the aspirant desire to rise makes former equals desire to keep him down. When, at last, he is high enough for public applause, he is equally a mark for public censure. Then, too, commence a new set of jealousies between him and his brethren of the irritable race. He gets many a pat on the shoulder, but he has many a stroke of the whip. "I have considered it well," says Sydenham, "and find celebrity to be lighter than a feather or a bubble." With more truth it might be asserted that it is heavier than lead. "I intend,"

wrote Newton, when his glorious discoveries began to excite the hostility of rivals, "I intend to have done with matters of philosophy. I blame my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." "You see what fame is!" wrote Lord Byron to a friend. "I don't know what others feel, but I am always the lighter when I have got rid of mine. It sits on me like the armour on the Lord Mayor's champion." But thousands labour to forge the chains so glittering to the beholder, and so oppressive to the wearer, because they see the glitter, and have never experienced the weight. Southey, who lived in privacy, avoided many of the inconveniences which celebrity brings. His principal passion was for posthumous renown. He had never felt the force of Sydenham's question, "What will it profit me when I am gone that eight letters of the alphabet should be pronounced in the sequence which form my name?" But all, at least, might be expected to remember that if the good is written in brass, the evil will not be written in sand. Faults and follies are exposed to the gaze of an inquisitive world, and commented upon with a freedom which would be far from soothing to ambitious minds. Lord Bacon, in his will, bequeathed his "name and memory to the next age;" but it would afford him small satisfaction that the posterity which acknowledged him to be "the brightest and the wisest," should also pronounce him "the meanest of mankind." The great poet to whom we are indebted for this terse character of the great philosopher, writhed when he read a pamphlet of Cibber against himself, and his anguish would not be diminished if he could rise to read the powerful and sarcastic sketch in which the anecdote is preserved. A few of the older worthies have escaped through our ignorance of their lives. But modern curiosity suffers nothing to lie hid; and every pedestal which is newly erected in the Temple of Fame has a pillory at its side. The assiduity of Curril in publishing memoirs and letters, made Arbuthnot call him "a new terror of death." This posthumous martyrdom has now become part of the stipulated price which talent and genius pay for celebrity. When the eyes are fixed emulously upon the medal stamped with its laurelled head, it is not amiss to turn up the under side and show the reverse.

We have dwelt upon the author till we have left no space to do justice to his book. This must form the subject of a second notice.

*The Dynamical Theory of the Formation of the Earth.* By Archibald Tucker Ritchie. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.

*The Chronology of Creation; or, Geology and Scripture Reconciled.* By Thomas Hutton, F.G.S., Captain, Bengal Army. Calcutta: Thacker.

At one of the earlier meetings of the British Association an album was prepared for the signatures of members; the majority who signed in it entered not only their names but also the designation of the scientific battalion under which they had enlisted. The mass of men 'unknown to fame' enrolled themselves as 'geologists'! Whilst no science can boast of a stronger array of regular troops and good soldiers, it is the misfortune of geology to be embarrassed by a heterogeneous assemblage of disorderly irregulars, who claim to serve under her banners, but do discredit to

the cause. Among these Captain Hutton may hold a command, and Mr. Ritchie a chaplaincy.

It has rarely been our fate, during a long and patient inspection of various samples of pseudo-scientific absurdities, to meet with more outrageous specimens of pretentious rubbish than the volumes under notice. The writers can surely have no friends, otherwise they had never been suffered to publish them. Under such circumstances our remarks would have been very brief, and written 'more in sorrow than in anger,' were it not for the boastful spirit with which these books are pervaded, and the mischievous prejudices they are calculated to foster. Neither of them are professed to be sent forth in opposition to geological science—quite the contrary—both authors make a display of their respect for, and acquaintance with geology and the writings of geologists, among whom each would claim to take his station. The unscientific readers into whose hands their works may fall—and, unfortunately, authors of bad and spurious books have a mania for circulating their productions among persons not likely to be critical—will rise from their perusal bewildered by the abundant citation of scientific authorities, and awed (if unable to detect their inconsecutive absurdities) by the *ex cathedra* tone maintained by these would-be *savans*. The show, not substance, of theological research ostentatiously displayed by these amateur divines may take effect among the amiable and partially educated ignorant, especially that class, by no means small, impressed with a vague sense of the truth that lies in science, and an undefined fear of a fancied antagonism between science and religion. To such persons, who would willingly learn the truth did they know how and where to find it, we would earnestly recommend the excellent discourses 'On the Relations between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science,' by one who has just departed from among us, the lamented Dr. J. Pye Smith, a clergyman whose learning and scientific acquirements were equal to his piety.

The two stately octavos ushered into the world by Mr. Archibald Tucker Ritchie are not likely to undergo much voluntary perusal. More awful prosing we have never endured—nor more unmitigated nonsense. Witness in proof, once for all, the following summary of the whole work, as extracted from amid the flourish of inharmonious trumpets with which our philosopher prefaches his lengthy chapters:—

"It is no easy task to persuade mankind, that the sparkling briny seas, which are now so easily excited and lashed into foam by the ambient atmosphere, were once a dark, unruffled, and atmosphereless mass of turgid waters, charged to repletion with the mineral elements of those stony concretions which now engirdle the terraqueous globe, and which have been thrown up as barriers to restrain the very waters from whence they themselves were deposited.

"Nor is it a less arduous undertaking to convince those who delight in the invigorating influences of the health-giving atmosphere; that, for ages, this sphere existed without so indispensable a means of sustaining voluntary motion—and that myriads of apulmonic creatures, 'more numerous than the sands on the sea shore for multitudes,' were all the while employed as the humble and submissive agents of the Creator, in producing one of its component elements; in elaborating *that*, without which no being, endowed with the faculty of locomotion, could either have breathed, moved, or lived.

"All these, nevertheless, are truths: truths of the utmost importance. Of this, the perusal of

the following treatise can hardly fail to convince every unbiased mind, even although our relative position towards the world's inhabitants involves the alternative, either that we are in a trance; have been for so many years enjoying the most soul-satisfying dream, whereby the records of revelation have appeared to be at one with the discoveries of science, and to have kept pace with these wherever they have been made, where every closed lock seems to undo, and every barred door to fly open at our approach, and on the announcement, *that there once was a period when the earth had no rotation*; or mankind, on the contrary, have been in a profound slumber, as regards this important fact, for nearly six thousand years! This is our true relation to each other at the present moment. But it is full time that the spell should be broken, and the rightful position of each be justly determined.

"With this intention, responsible as it is to stand against the arrayed opinions of a whole world, we have resolved to be the first to break this long-continued silence, and endeavour to convince all mankind, that we have all the while been entertaining no day dream; but that what we assert is a reality, and stands upon the authority of the immutable word of God, from which, assisted by the discoveries of science, we can derive the necessary data to prove, that during the period called in Scripture 'the beginning,' **THE EARTH HAD, IN REALITY, NO ROTATION AROUND ITS AXIS.**"

The manner in which Mr. Ritchie carries out his system is not by the evidence of observation—to personal research he candidly puts forth not the slightest claim—but by extracting whatever passages suit his purpose from all manner of published authorities, whether original authors or obscure compilers; selected, as might be expected, without judgment, and with the strangest misconceptions of the sense of the passages. The hodge-podge so concocted is presented as a 'Dynamical Theory of the Earth.'

Captain Hutton has a similar happy self-confidence with that which inspires Mr. Ritchie. "Horace," writes the Captain, "recommends that an author should take nine years to weigh and reconsider the subject-matter of his work; and no doubt, in general, the advice would be sound, if a man could only make sure of living so long. We have even gone beyond the time assigned, and yet are modest enough to believe that a longer time would have added materially to the value of our labours." Some, perhaps, may even deem it matter of regret that the work was not postponed *sine die*; but from them we beg leave to differ—no man, however dim and imperfect it may be, having a right to hide his light under a bushel. Accordingly, he lights his farthing candle forthwith, and for what purpose?—to illuminate the Royal Society! "Bearing in mind," he writes, "that the council of the Royal Society had invited 'contributions towards a system of geological chronology, founded on the examination of fossil remains and their attendant phenomena,' the author commenced the task, which he has here brought to a close." Such was the origin of his *Un-philosophical Transactions*.

Like Mr. Ritchie, Captain Hutton has hunted up geological authorities in all directions, accepting their facts and rejecting their conclusions. Alas! for both our friends—

"The more informed, the less they understood,  
And deeper sank by floundering in the mud."

They are equally learned in theology, and each has his own private interpretation of the Mosaic account of the Creation. Unfortunately, the two theologians, civil and military, differ, *toto caelo*, in their respective readings. The civilian gets over his *preadamite diffi-*

culties by depriving the inhabitants of the primæval ocean of their respiratory organs, and by keeping them for indefinite ages, "during which the earth did not rotate on its axis," in warm fresh water. The soldier will not endure such slow work. He makes his animals and plants as fast as he can; creates them full grown in myriads, and kills them ten minutes after; originates saurians and coprolites at the same critical moment; piles stratum upon stratum by what he calls "speedy accumulations," after which "fresh creations are necessary;" deposits the Purbeck and Wealden beds, in consequence of the effects of the forty days' rain, at the time of the deluge, (in favour of which catastrophe he *naïvely* cites Sir T. Dick Lauder's 'Account of the Moray Floods, *passim*,' and—what will Dr. Mantell say?—the 'Geology of the S.E. of England') and winds up by a post-diluvian creation (known only to himself) of the Tertiary Fauna and Flora! The heading of a single chapter will show that we are not caricaturing:—

"Chapter XXV. Effects of the forty days of rain; deposition of the Purbeck and Wealden beds; effects of the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep; volcanic action; subsidence of land; chalk of volcanic origin; rise and fall of the deluge progressive; tranquillity of its occurrence refuted; subsidence of the waters and re-appearance of dry land."

Captain Hutton even ventures to determine on geological data the exact age of the world from its beginning to the date of the composition of his memorable volume: here is the calculation:—

"Geological Chronology.

	Yrs.	Ms.	Ds.
From the first day to the commencement of the tertiary or post-diluvian æra	2210	5	3
From the deluge to the termination of the tertiary period	194	0	12
From the tertiary period to the birth of Christ	3021	11	18
From the birth of Christ to the current year	1849		
	7275	5	3

Among the many geological speculations contained in his treatise few exceed in originality that which concerns the origin of erratic blocks. On the third day of creation (if we rightly gather the author's sense—not always very clear), the volcanic matter from the centre in a state of fusion bursts through the adjoining unfossiliferous strata, turns them partly into granite, contracts, splinters, and splits in contact with the cool waters of the surrounding sea, and shivers into fragments, which, having their angles rounded as they fall through the waters, become the erratic blocks, and consequently rest on the surface of strata which, according to the Captain's own showing, were formed some couple of thousand years afterwards. Surely, 'the force of nonsense can no further go.'

The author of these surprising speculations is a Fellow of the Geological Society, and professes to be an authority on scientific matters in India. What Mr. Ritchie's calling may be we do not know; but assuredly it is not scientific. If these gentlemen persist in their endeavours to astonish geology, they could not do better than join the Dean of York, a philosopher of similar opinions and attainments;—and by putting all three of their heads together, they need not despair of forming a conglomerate, such as will be unequalled by any pudding-stone in the long catalogue of known strata.

*Lavengro; the Scholar—the Gypsy—the Priest.* By George Borrow. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

LAST week we left Lavengro and his family settled at Norwich. The youth was now sixteen, and had to choose a profession; but there was none for which he felt any decided inclination, and accordingly he acquiesced in his father's decision, which placed him in a lawyer's office. But instead of reading Blackstone, and learning the law, he took up the study of Welsh, Danish, Armenian, and numerous other languages, Occidental and Oriental. At this time he fell in with his old acquaintance, Jasper, at a horse-fair in the neighbourhood, and soon became intimate with him and his comrades. He now began the study of the Gypsy language, in which he made such rapid progress, that Jasper changed his name of Sap-engro into that of Lav-engro. After spending several years in this manner, acquiring a knowledge of numerous languages, but none of his profession, his father died, and Lavengro came up to London to try his fortune in literature. His first walk through London is told with his usual felicity of language, and we cannot pass over his description of Old London Bridge:—

"A strange kind of bridge it was; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semicircular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and wagons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a stand-still. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Caesar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maelstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leapt into its depths?—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell. As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch

beneath my feet. There were three persons in it; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What!—a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful water-way, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and, the next moment, was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman, a true Englishwoman that—of a certain class—waving her shawl."

The old fruit-woman mentioned in this passage is evidently one of our author's favourite characters, and must be introduced more fully to our readers. He had clambered up the balustrades of the bridge in order to obtain a better view of the boat shooting through the arch below, when he felt himself seized by the body, and, turning round, perceived the fruit-woman clinging to him:—

"Nay, dear!—don't—don't!" said she. "Don't fling yourself over—perhaps you may have better luck next time!"

"I was not going to fling myself over," said I, dropping from the balustrade; "how came you to think of such a thing?"

"Why, seeing you clamber up so fiercely, I thought you might have had ill luck, and that you wished to make away with yourself."

"Ill luck," said I, going into the stone bower, and sitting down. "What do you mean? ill luck in what?"

"Why, no great harm, dear! cly-faking perhaps."

"Are you coming over me with dialects," said I, "speaking unto me in fashions I wot nothing of?"

"Nay, dear! don't look so strange with those eyes of your'n, nor talk so strangely; I don't understand you."

"Nor I you; what do you mean by cly-faking?"

"Lor, dear! no harm; only taking a handkerchief now and then."

"Do you take me for a thief?"

"Nay, dear! don't make use of bad language; we never calls them thieves here, but prigs and fakers: to tell you the truth, dear, seeing you spring at that railing put me in mind of my own dear son, who is now at Bot'ny: when he had had luck, he always used to talk of flinging himself over the bridge; and, sure enough, when the traps were after him, he did fling himself into the river, but that was off the bank; nevertheless, the traps pulled him out, and he is now suffering his sentence; so you see you may speak out, if you have done anything in the harmless line, for I am my son's own mother, I assure you."

"So you think there's no harm in stealing?"

"No harm in the world, dear! Do you think my own child would have been transported for it, if there had been any harm in it? and what's more, would the blessed woman in the book here have written her life as she has done, and given it to the world, if there had been any harm in faking? She, too, was what they call a thief and a cut-purse; ay, and was transported for it, like my dear son; and do you think she would have told the world so, if there had been any harm in the thing? Oh, it is a comfort to me that the blessed woman was transported, and came back—for come back she did, and rich too—for it is an assurance to me that my dear son, who was transported too, will come back like her."

"What was her name?"

"Her name, blessed Mary Flanders."

"Will you let me look at the book?"

"Yes, dear, that I will, if you promise me not to run away with it."

"I took the book from her hand; a short thick

volume, at least a century old, bound with greasy black leather. I turned the yellow and dog's-eared pages, reading here and there a sentence. Yes, and no mistake! His pen, his style, his spirit might be observed in every line of the uncouth-looking old volume—the air, the style, the spirit of the writer of the book which first taught me to read. I covered my face with my hand, and thought of my childhood . . . .

"This is a singular book," said I at last; "but it does not appear to have been written to prove that thieving is no harm, but rather to show the terrible consequences of crime: it contains a deep moral."

"A deep what, dear?"

"A . . . but no matter, I will give you a crown for this volume."

"No, dear, I will not sell the volume for a crown."

"I am poor," said I; "but I will give you two silver crowns for your volume."

"No, dear, I will not sell my volume for two silver crowns; no, nor for the golden one in the king's tower down there; without my book I should mope and pine, and perhaps fling myself into the river; but I am glad you like it, which shows that I was right about you, after all; you are one of our party, and you have a flash about that eye of yours which puts me just in mind of my dear son. No, dear, I won't sell you my book; but, if you like, you may have a peep into it whenever you come this way. I shall be glad to see you; you are one of the right sort, for, if you had been a common one, you would have run away with the thing; but you scorn such behaviour, and, as you are so flash of your money, though you say you are poor, you may give me a tanner to buy a little bacey with; I love bacey, dear, more by token that it comes from the plantations to which the blessed woman was sent."

"What's a tanner?" said I.

"Lor! don't you know, dear? Why, a tanner is sixpence; and, as you were talking just now about crowns, it will be as well to tell you that those of our trade never calls them crowns, but bulls; but I am talking nonsense, just as if you did not know all that already, as well as myself; you are only shamming—I'm no trap, dear, nor more was the blessed woman in the book. Thank you, dear—thank you for the tanner; if I don't spend it, I'll keep it in remembrance of your sweet face. What, you are going?—well, first let me whisper a word to you. If you have any clies to sell at any time, I'll buy them of you; all safe with me; I never 'peach, and scorns a trap; so now, dear, God bless you! and give you good luck. Thank you for your pleasant company, and thank you for the tanner."

We cannot follow our hero through all his adventures in London. He became a literary drudge to a publisher, for whom he compiled the 'Chronicles of Newgate,' wrote reviews, and performed other tasks; but of whose service he at length became so weary that he left him in disgust. The money he had earned by writing was soon spent; and on getting up one morning he discovered that his whole worldly wealth was reduced to one half-crown. He had, however, seen in a bookseller's window that a novel or a tale was much wanted, and he resolved to set to work upon an 'article' of this kind. The way in which he wrote his novel is told in the following inimitable manner:—

"Rather late in the morning I awoke; for a few minutes I lay still, perfectly still; my imagination was considerably sobered; the scenes and situations which had pleased me so much over night appeared to me in a far less captivating guise that morning. I felt languid and almost hopeless—the thought, however, of my situation soon roused me—I must make an effort to improve the posture of my affairs; there was no time to be lost; so I sprang out of bed, breakfasted on bread and water, and then sat down doggedly to write the life of Joseph Sell."

"It was a great thing to have formed my plan, and to have arranged the scenes in my head, as I had done on the preceding night. The chief thing requisite at present was the mere mechanical act of committing them to paper. This I did not find at first so easy as I could wish—I wanted mechanical skill; but I persevered, and before evening I had written ten pages. I partook of some bread and water; and, before I went to bed that night, I had completed fifteen pages of my life of Joseph Sell.

"The next day I resumed my task—I found my power of writing considerably increased; my pen hurried rapidly over the paper—my brain was in a wonderfully teeming state; many scenes and visions which I had not thought of before were evolved, and, as fast as evolved, written down; they seemed to be more pat to my purpose, and more natural to my history, than many others which I had imagined before, and which I made now give place to these newer creations: by about midnight I had added thirty fresh pages to my 'Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell.'

"The third day arose—it was dark and dreary out of doors, and I passed it drearily enough within; my brain appeared to have lost much of its former glow, and my pen much of its power; I, however, toiled on, but at midnight had only added seven pages to my history of Joseph Sell.

"On the fourth day the sun shone brightly—I arose, and, having breakfasted as usual, I fell to work. My brain was this day wonderfully prolific, and my pen never before or since glided so rapidly over the paper; towards night I began to feel strangely about the back part of my head, and my whole system was extraordinarily affected. I likewise occasionally saw double—a tempter now seemed to be at work within me.

"You had better leave off now for a short space," said the tempter, "and go out and drink a pint of beer; you have still one shilling left—if you go on at this rate, you will go mad—go out and spend sixpence, you can afford it, more than half your work is done." I was about to obey the suggestion of the tempter, when the idea struck me that, if I did not complete the work whilst the fit was on me, I should never complete it; so I held on. I am almost afraid to state how many pages I wrote that day of the life of Joseph Sell.

"From this time I proceeded in a somewhat more leisurely manner; but, as I drew nearer and nearer to the completion of my task, dreadful fears and despondencies came over me—it will be too late, thought I; by the time I have finished the work, the bookseller will have been supplied with a tale or a novel."

The tale, however, was finished, and Lavengro received twenty pounds for it. With this money he quitted London, and commenced his rambles in the country. The incidents which follow are probably more or less fictitious, but they are evidently drawn from life. The account of the Welsh preacher, Peter Williams, and the agony of the good man, who fancied he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, will be read with deep interest by all who are acquainted with the religious feelings prevalent in many parts of Wales. In the course of his wanderings Lavengro finds at a road-side inn a tinker and his family in deep distress. He cheers their hearts with large draughts of ale, the virtues of which are celebrated in the following strains:—

"Oh, genial and gladdening is the power of good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is good ale, like that which has just made merry the hearts of this poor family; and yet there are beings, calling themselves Englishmen, who say that it is a sin to drink a cup of ale, and who, on coming to this passage will be tempted to fling down the book and exclaim, 'The man is evidently a bad man, for behold, by his own confession, he is not only fond of ale himself, but is in the habit of tempting other people

with it.' Alas! alas! what a number of silly individuals there are in this world; I wonder what they would have had me do in this instance—given the afflicted family a cup of cold water! Go to! They could have found water in the road, for there was a pellucid spring only a few yards distant from the house, as they were well aware—but they wanted not water; what should I have given them? meat and bread? Go to! They were not hungry; there was stifled sobbing in their bosoms, and the first mouthful of strong meat would have choked them. What should I have given them? Money! what right had I to insult them by offering them money? Advice! words, words, words; friends, there is a time for everything; there is a time for a cup of cold water; there is a time for strong meat and bread; there is a time for advice, and there is a time for ale; and I have generally found that the time for advice is after a cup of ale. I do not say many cups; the tongue then speaketh more smoothly, and the ear listeneth more benignantly; but why do I attempt to reason with you? do I not know you for concealed creatures, with one idea—and that a foolish one;—a crotchet, for the sake of which ye would sacrifice anything, religion if required—country? There, fling down my book, I do not wish ye to walk any farther in my company, unless you cast your nonsense away, which ye will never do, for it is the breath of your nostrils; fling down my book, it was not written to support a crotchet, for know one thing, my good people, I have invariably been an enemy to humbug."

The tinker, it turns out, had been driven off the roads by a ferocious and brutal rival, called the Flaming Tinman; whereupon Lavengro purchases the tinker's horse and cart, and takes to the roads himself. Fresh adventures ensue; he is poisoned by a gypsy, and is rescued from death by the good Peter Williams; he wanders from place to place, till at length he falls in with the Flaming Tinman, whom he beats after a terrible fight; and he then settles down in a dingle with a strange girl of the name of Isobel Berners, who had been one of the Flaming Tinman's companions. In the latter part of his career Lavengro makes the acquaintance of the priest. In describing this character, our author's usual vehemence blazes forth with more than ordinary ardour. If Lavengro had his way, he would make short work with the Catholics. Toleration is evidently no part of his creed. He is rather hard upon the Dissenters; still there is nothing to offend; what little is said is very characteristic. He puts in the mouth of his priest some truths, which all classes would do well to ponder.

The extracts we have given are sufficient to enable the reader to form some idea of the nature of this extraordinary book. That it is no real autobiography, will be at once apparent; but it probably conveys a clearer notion of the peculiar character of the author's mind, than if he had narrated the actual events of his life. It would be easy to point out several of the defects of the book, and we might justly censure many of the author's prejudices and passions; but we believe that this is not the way to deal with a work like the one before us. It is the production of a man of genius, and ought to be received and welcomed as such. We have few minds of creative power among us, and we cannot afford to treat them with contempt. We could have wished that there had been less arrogance, less dogmatism, and less intolerance in the book; but its tendency, upon the whole, is healthy; and, while it will be read by old and young alike, with untiring interest, it will not leave any impression unfavourable to the cause of true religion and sound morality.

*Makamat; or, Rhetorical Anecdotes of Al Hariri, of Basra.* Translated from the Original Arabic, with Annotations, by Theodore Preston, M.A. Madden.

Of this justly celebrated work of eastern poetry, no less than three editions have already appeared, in part or entire, in French or English. One, with an English preface by Mr. Thomson, was published at Calcutta, and two, nearly at the same time, at Paris, of which that by the accomplished De Sacy is uncontestedly the best. As a proof of the high esteem in which the Makamat of Al Hariri are held by the Arabs and other Oriental nations, it may be mentioned that the students in the East very frequently commit to memory the whole of the poems of Al Hariri. This in itself may be regarded as a fair test of the value set upon his productions by his own countrymen. That some of the pure sciences, as well as grammar, logic, rhetoric, &c., were most diligently cultivated by the Arabian authors, the work of Al Hariri now before us is no mean evidence. It would not be a difficult task, from what is now known of Arabian history and writings, to bring forward abundant evidence of the early cultivation of literature in that part of the East.

Al Hariri, of Basra, the author of 'The Makamat,' was one of the most accomplished writers of his age, and attained the greatest perfection in those compositions which contain the great part of the intellectual wealth of the Arabic language, including its proverbs and metaphorical expressions. His erudition was considerable. Al Hariri was born A.H. 446 (A.D. 1030), and died A.H. 516, at Basra, in the street of Benou Haraam, leaving two sons. He is called Al Hariri from the word harir (silk), because he traded in silk, or had a manufactory of it. The family of Hariri belonged to the small village of Meshan, near Basra, where he is said to have possessed 18,000 palm-trees, and to have enjoyed great opulence. The word Makamat, of which Makamat is the plural, is used metonymically to denote 'the persons assembled in any place;' and, by another transition, 'the discourses delivered or conversations held in any such assembly.'

Basra, we learn from a note in the commencement of the work, is comparatively a modern place; it was founded A.H. 15, by command of the Caliph Omar, in order to interrupt the communication of the Persians, with whom he was at war, with India, down the united streams of the Tigris and Euphrates. The river Ailah, which falls into the Tigris close to it, waters its gardens, and makes them so fruitful, that it is considered one of the four earthly paradises by the Arabs, the other three being the vales of Damascus, Shiraz, and Samarcand. It was remarkable during the Caliphate for its population, and for the great number of its mosques. In the market-place, poems and other compositions were accustomed to be recited aloud, a practice which gave rise to so much literary emulation, that the city became one of the most famous for learning in the East. Its school of grammar rivalled that of Koufa. It was believed that the inhabitants of Basra were more correctly informed with regard to the direction of Mecca from their own town than those of any other place; consequently, their mosques were most correctly placed, and their position in prayer most orthodox.

In the work before us, the author has given the translation of twenty of the Makamat,

preceded by the preface of Al Hariri; but our readers will bear in mind that these are not one half of those composed by Al Hariri, and, in fact, many more are given in the superb work of De Sacy. Passing over the Preface of Al Hariri, which contains the quotation adopted by our author in his title-page, and which concludes by an invocation to the Supreme Being, so frequent among Mahomedan writers, the first Makamah is that of the Mosque Beni Haraam. In this there is much in praise of the city of Basra, and of that part of it called Beni Haraam. The following quotation will afford a good example, and is a fair proof of the success with which Mr. Preston has imitated the rhyme and playing on words so characteristic of the author's style:—

" There thy companions thou mayst choose,  
From every class and kind ;  
For some there are who still devote  
To pleasure all their mind ;  
And some, in true devotion's path,  
Who all their pleasure find ;  
Some choral music loving best,  
Some on Koran to muse ;  
Some skilled to extract from hardest books,  
The meaning most abstruse ;  
Some swift to extricate the mean  
From hardship and abuse ;  
Some who, though dear it cost their eyes,  
No toil in reading spare ;  
And some who spare no cost, that guests  
The ready meal may share ;  
'Tis there that liberal arts abound,  
And best of sages meet ;  
'Tis there that bounty's liberal hand  
Bestows her blessings sweet ;  
And there that beauty's tuneful band  
The bearer sweetly greet.  
And there thou mayst a playful friend,  
Or prayerful, freely choose ;  
Improve a wise man's company,  
Or cups of wine abuse."

The next in order is the Makamah of Samaa, from Samaa in Yemen, the very ancient capital of Arabia Felix. It refers to the art of improvisation practised amongst the Persians and Arabians; the giving vent to the accents of unpremeditated speech, to quote almost literally from our author's own words. On looking carefully through the copious and excellent notes appended to this Makamah, we do not find that the author makes especial reference to this elegant art as practised by that proficient, Ebn Alramacran, who flourished in the caliphate of Carawash, and who was renowned for excelling all his contemporaries in the art of improvisation. Others have been deservedly celebrated as professors in this art, as Musdood, Rakeek, and Rais, who are not referred to by Mr. Preston. In many of their effusions the poetry of the thoughts found ready utterance in the music of the language. The development of European and Oriental poetry, and especially of a pastoral kind, was accompanied with the improvisation of a melody and dialogue. The earliest specimens with which we are acquainted are those contained in the sacred writings, in which are recorded the truly sublime hymns of Moses, Miriam, Baruch, and Deborah, and very probably some compositions of the Royal Shepherd. In ages long subsequent to these distinguished characters this art was cultivated in Arabia, where it was carried to the highest perfection. We may regard it as beyond all doubt that the ancient Greeks, and the modern Italians and Spaniards, have been indebted to the East for the improvisatori who have adorned their respective countries, for to that region we may trace the source of the stream of civilization and the elegant arts of life. During the brilliant period of the Mahomedan conquests, the capital of every eastern monarch who made any pretensions

to refinement or civilization became the resorts of improvisatori. To trace the origin, progress, and perfection of minstrelsy; to develop its effects upon the passions of our race, as connected with the achievements of antiquity; to ascertain its influence on the history of man, would form an interesting object of investigation.

The Makamah of Alexandria is almost wholly occupied with the recital of a domestic quarrel between husband and wife, and the decision of the judge in favour of the former. From the next Makamah, that of the Denar, we cannot forbear quoting the following. The denar is a gold coin worth twenty drachms of silver:—

" Hail ! noble coin, of saffron colour clear,  
O'er regions wide who *passed* far and near !  
Thy worth, thy titles, *current* still remain,  
Thy lines the secret pledge of wealth contain ;  
Successful industry thy steps attend ;  
Thy aspect bright all welcome as a friend ;  
Endeared to all, as though thy precious ore  
Had e'en been molten from their own heart's core.  
Whose purse thou fillest boldness may display,  
Though kindred be remiss or far away ;  
With thee the great their influence maintain,  
Without thee pleasure's sons of want complain ;  
What heroes thy collective might hath quelled !  
What host of cares one stroke of thine dispelled !  
How oft an angry churl, whose fury burned,  
Thy whispered mention hath to mildness turned !  
Through thee the captive, by his kin forgot,  
Is ransomed back to joy's unmixed lot.  
Such power is thine, that, if I feared not blame,  
I e'en would say, ' Almighty is thy Name.'"

After this, who shall say that the Americans have not classical authority for the origin and frequent use of the expression, 'the almighty dollar'?

The sacred stones of the Mahomedans form the subject of two poems. The black stone is connected with one of their most sacred legends; when sent down to Adam in Paradise it was white, but became black by the sin of mankind. It was taken up to heaven again at the Deluge; but restored to Abraham when he built the Kaaba at Mecca, and built into the wall by him and his son Ishmael: the pilgrims walk seven times round the wall in which it is placed.

The Makamah of Sowa begins thus—

" When staying at Sowa, I was conscious of hardness of heart, and I therefore put in practice a traditional doctrine, for seeking to remedy it by visiting the tombs."

This is in accordance with some of the traditional expressions of Mohammed, such as 'visiting the tombs makes one self-denying in this life, and mindful of that to come;' and 'visiting the tombs softens the heart, and moistens the eye, and makes one mindful of a future state.' In this, death is poetically described as the 'destroyer of delights,' 'the separation of companionships,' and in connexion with this subject, references are made by Mr. Preston to Shakspere, Juvenal, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and to the sacred writings.

In the Bedouin Makamah, the Bedouin Arabs are spoken of by Al Hariri as men of princely excellence, and eloquent discourse, and of high-minded temperament. It abounds with proverbs and poetical and metaphorical expressions in common use among the Arabs, some of them of great force and beauty. Pococke, in his 'Spec. Arab. Hist.', says, "The only studies on which they pride themselves are, the philology of their own language, and the investigation of the laws of its construction, together with the composition of poetry and prose."

The Hadg, or pilgrimage to Mecca, performed in the orthodox manner, is referred to at some length in the Makamah of Ramleh. The following lines indicate the high-toned

morality enjoined upon the faithful by Al Hariri:—

“ Think you that Hadg consists in choosing good camels,  
Or in rapidly performing the stages of the journey,  
Or in procuring saddles or lading beasts of burden?  
Think you that devotion consists in stripping you bare,  
Or wearying your bodies, or being parted from your  
children,  
Or in removing yourselves to a distance from your homes?  
No indeed! (it is not in these that true devotion consists.)  
But in abstaining from crime before obtaining your  
camels,  
And in purifying your intentions in proceeding to the  
temple,  
And in practising pure obedience while you possess the  
power,  
And in reforming your deeds before riding your dromedaries:  
Washing in lavers cleanses not from immersion in crimes,  
And stripping the limbs atones not for accumulated guilt;  
Nor will the wearing of the garb prescribed to pilgrims  
Be of avail to him who cleaves to things forbidden;  
Nor will the sanctimonious adjustment of the cloak  
Be of any advantage along with perseverance in iniquities,  
Nor the approaching the Kaaba with newly-shorn locks,  
Profit along with the frequent commission of injustice;  
Nor the ceremonial removal of the long-grown hair,  
Purge away the foulness contracted by neglect of duties;  
Nor will any one succeed in having his pilgrimage  
accepted  
Who goes astray from the broad road of rectitude.”

Christian and Mahomedan alike will commend the morality of these lines.

From the frequent comparisons with Hesiod, made by Mr. Preston in the notes, we are led to perceive an analogy between the poems of Arabian and Persian writers and the works of the older Greek poets. The annotations, which are an important feature in the work, abound in valuable information, and evince a thorough acquaintance with classical and oriental literature. Although Mr. Preston, with the sentiment of Al Hariri, modestly takes for his motto the lines—

“ For fondly cherished taste no praise I claim,  
Content if only unassailed by blame,”

we may assuredly tender him our thanks for this interesting contribution to our knowledge of Eastern poetry.

*The Bishop's Wife: a Tale of the Papacy.*

Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, with a Historical Notice of the Life and Times of Hildebrand, to which it relates. By Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Chapman.

*The Professor's Wife.* From the German of Berthold Auerbach. Parker.

As a sample of the talent for spoiling a fine subject, ‘The Bishop's Wife’ may hold a distinguished position. It has all the stupidity required. The sentiment and the writing are equally poor, the characters absurd, and the action languid and uninteresting. Few historical figures of greater magnificence offer themselves to a writer than those selected by Leopold Schefer. Gregory VII. and the great Countess one would imagine might be rendered imposing. Hildebrand was not only the greatest of Popes, he was one of the grandest figures which make the middle ages monumental. His vast schemes, his indomitable will, his lordly intellect, and the amazing audacity of his acts, furnish the writer with materials rarely to be equalled. ‘The Bishop's Wife,’ as a picture of the times, is altogether a failure. All the movement and variety, all the historical material which the subject presented in this struggle of Pope and Emperor, has been evaded. We neither see into Gregory's mind, nor into the state of things which permitted him to triumph; for it is quite obvious that he never could have contemplated such a measure had not the German nobles been in a state of constant rebellion against the Emperor; but he found allies among the nobles while striking at imperial power. As to the Countess Matilda,

the author's vulgar conception of the character—if conception it can be called—ruins the interest she might create. Instead of taking up the subject in a true dramatic spirit, Schefer has divided his tale into two parts unskillfully dovetailed into one. The first part relates to the wife of a Bishop, come to Rome to plead for her imprisoned husband, who refuses to repudiate her, and singularly has the author thrown away his chance of interest here, daubing it with a distempered sentimentalism, and wearying the reader by the tedious slowness of its movement. The second part, which is the better, relates to an historical anecdote of Cenci's attack upon the Pope during the celebration of mass, and Gregory's marvellous escape from his daring enemy. This, notwithstanding that it is far below what it might have been with the chronicles at hand, has something of interest, and the following scene is the best in the book. It is sufficiently explanatory to dispense with introductory remarks:—

“ At that instant Cenci kindled his wax taper as a signal to Thomas. In order, however, that during the time when Thomas should be beginning the work, the eyes of the spectators might be turned towards another direction and become confused, Cenci set fire, as if by mistake, to a painted paper globe belonging to a little boy near him, which blazed up; and the different mothers who were standing around took fright lest they and the light inflammable playthings their children had brought with them should take fire also. Meanwhile, however, seeing that the Pope had not suffered himself to be disturbed, the Bishop's Son advanced slowly, clad in the dress of his order as if about to assist at the ceremony, ascended the steps of the altar, turned himself round towards the people, lifted up both his arms, and in a voice which resounded through the church, spake the words—‘Missa est concio!’ Mass is over. He then calmly turned round towards the Pope, and said to him in a manner sufficiently intelligible—‘And with thee it is also over.’ On saying which, he struck the cap lightly from off his head.

“ Thereupon the conspirators from below raised a cry seemingly against the outrage, and sprang on to the altar as if they intended to seize upon the disturber. But they allowed the Bishop's Son to stand there quietly, and instead of him, they now laid hold of the Pope himself, tore him down and dragged him by the vestments and by the hair of the head as far as the middle of the floor of the church, whilst the women and children—some struck dumb with astonishment, others become silent again after the first cry was over, many of them indeed already serene and smiling—gave place to the men, and stood around as motionless as the walls, spell-bound by curiosity, the goddess of the world. \* \* \*

“ The dense circle of women who, in defence of their injured honour, had proceeded with such fixed resolve, first to judgment and then to execution, had hitherto prevented him from reaching the Pope. He stood, meanwhile, trembling and quivering with rage, holding a long wax-taper from off the altar as thick as his arm, which he had wrenched from a tall massive carved and gilt candelabra, and armed himself therewith as with a frightful club. He now broke through the circle, making way for himself with impetuosity, and with this powerful weapon struck the Pope on the forehead with all his might, so that the blood suddenly burst forth and streamed over his eyes and cheeks and beard. The infuriated man struck him yet once again with his club on the forehead, when still covered with blood, which spouted out all around on the women and children, who now took to flight, filled with horror. Even in the agonies of death, Gregory, like the opossum, uttered not a sound, but blood now concealed the smile which had formerly been visible on his countenance.”

‘The Professor's Wife,’ by Berthold Auer-

bach, is altogether of another kind. Auerbach has had an extraordinary success in Germany, and deserved it; for although he cannot tell a story in a style which will satisfy criticism, he has the immense advantage of naturalness in his scenes and characters, and by confining himself to the portrayal of life in the Black Forest, he has thrown some freshness into literature. There are scenes in the ‘Professor's Wife,’ as in all his village tales, perfectly charming. There is a scent as of woodbine in the atmosphere. All is simple, fresh, and innocent, for the sake of which we overlook much that is clumsy in invention and inartistic in execution. Lorlie, the landlord's daughter, is a delightful picture; so is mine host of the Calves—a true Swabian figure; so is the collaborator, with his very German mania for the symbolical.

The subject is briefly this. A young artist falls in love with the simple Lorlie; loving her for that very *naïveté* and freshness which make her a child of nature. He marries her; takes her from the Black Forest into the uncongenial atmosphere of a town, where he is appointed court painter. In a town, and compared with the artificial refinements of a court, Lorlie loses her charm. Her husband is ashamed of her; neglects her; grows dissipated; and she finds herself forced to carry her broken heart back again to her village home, there to seek for the peace which is denied her in marriage. It is an old subject, and far—very far from being skilfully handled; but nevertheless one reads it with unabated interest, owing to a certain truth and freshness in the main scenes. All the early portion is sweetly executed; and were it developed throughout with the same art with which it is commenced, it would be a *chef d'œuvre*.

*A Treatise on British Mining; with a Digest of the Cost-Book System, Stannarie and General Mining Laws.* By Thomas Bartlett. Wilson.

We have no historical evidence by which we are enabled to assign any date to the commencement of mining operations in the British islands. Tradition, however, refers it back into a period ere yet civilization had dawned upon the forests of Britain—when her hills, now covered only with huge boulders of granite, were crowned with oaks, sacred to the rites of a Druidic priesthood. The Welsh Triads celebrate Caswallan, Manawydan, and Llew Llawgyfes, as three chiefs distinguished by the possession of golden cars, the produce of Welsh mines; and some early historians state that the Romans were incited to the invasion of Britain by the reputed wealth in gold and silver of the ancient British princes.

In Cornwall there are many remains of old mine workings—in all probability Roman—the most striking examples being “The Land's End Hole,” at Tol-pedden-Penwith, “The Pit,” in Gwennap, and “The Devil's Frying-pan,” at the Lizard-point. The same peculiarity appears in all these—a very large spot being first cleared on the surface of the ground, the excavation is continued by a series of steps until the hollow has the character of an inverted cone, from the bottom of which, when the workings are near the cliff, a tunnel or “adit” is cut to the sea shore. From the situations and the general conditions of these excavations, there is every reason to believe they were worked for tin. The mine of Gogofau, in Caermarthenshire, is

evidently a Roman work. Roman pottery—a bath, and ornaments, have been found near it, and a beautifully wrought golden necklace also discovered, was in all probability made from the gold produced at this mine. That gold was found at Gogofau has received confirmation by the recent discovery of some of that metal in the quartz rock still adhering to the side of the levels. The recent working of a gold mine in Merionethshire is another proof of the existence of this precious metal in the Principality. We have also the additional evidence afforded by the words of Tacitus, in his 'Life of Agricola'—“*Fert Britannia aurum et argentum et alia metalla, pretium victoriae.*”

Long before the Roman invasion we are informed that the Phoenicians traded to these islands for tin, and it is not improbable that the bronzes of the ancients contain the tin of Cornwall. Everything, as far as traditional evidence supported by existing facts can be brought in proof, gives an early date to the discovery of this metal in Cornwall. The ancient name of the Scilly Islands was the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, although but little of that metal is now found in them. Athelstane, having defeated the Britons in a battle on a spot near the Land's End, still known as *Bolloit*—a Cornish word for the Field of Blood—proceeded to Scilly, desiring to gain possession of them on account of the tin they then produced. Many of the names by which certain spots are still designated in this great mineral district confirm the view which has been taken, that mines were worked, principally by strangers, before the historic times. Sir John Peters, in his 'Fodina Regales,' published in 1670, says, “These works in Wales, with some others in Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, as far as tradition can assure us, were anciently wrought by the Romans, by the Danmonii in Devonshire and Cornwall, by the Belgæ in Somersetshire, and by the Dimetae in Cardiganshire.”

To trace the history of British mining would necessarily occupy much more space than we can afford to this subject, and we cannot venture to refer our readers to the work under review for any information, since a 'Treatise' more barren of that which it professes to give has rarely fallen under our notice. From our own stores we may, however, add a few facts, of a curious character, in connexion with the discovery of our mineral wealth. The Cornish mines, during the reign of John, appear to have passed into the hands of the Jews; and occasionally, in the wastes near old tin deposits, blocks of that metal are found, which are known as “Jews' Tin,” and remains of old furnaces, of a very rude construction, still termed “Jews' Houses.” John granted a charter to the tanners of Cornwall, and Edward the First extended their privileges. The antiquity of many mines which are still producing metal is proved by the circumstance of the records of early grants, &c., still existing. Henry IV. granted to Henry and John Darby the lead-mines holding silver in Devonshire. In the reign of Henry VI., John Bottwright complains that Roger Chameroun stole 145 bowls of glance ore from Beerferrers, valued 15*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and made profit of the same without anything being allowed to the king. The mines of the “Myndeeps,” the Mendip-hills, were very early the subject of grants, as were also those of the Forest of Dean. A curious practice prevailed in these districts—any man having applied for

leave to “mine,” dug a pit, and, standing in it, threw his axe or adze towards the four cardinal points, and he obtained liberty to work within “*his axe's throw.*” One of the laws for the punishment of theft was curious. If detected stealing lead from another mine, the thief was placed in his cottage, and all his mine tools and goods piled about him, and the whole set on fire; from this pyre he was allowed to escape as best he might, and he was “never more to be seen within the limits of the Myndeeps.”

One of the most curious histories of British mining is connected with the lead district of Cardiganshire, which we shall briefly relate. Queen Elizabeth granted to two Germans, Houghsetter and Thurland, the right of working the mines of Cardiganshire, and those in eight other counties in England, for four years, and gave them extraordinary powers. An action at law, in a case of disputed right, gave rise to the *Society of Mines Royal*, and of *Mineral and Battery Works*, and these two companies long managed the mining interests of the kingdom.

Hugh Middleton, a London goldsmith, in the seventeenth century, farmed the principal lead and silver mines in Cardiganshire, from the Company of Mines Royal, for 40*l.* per annum. Sir Hugh Middleton realized a large fortune—a clear profit of 2000*l.* a month being, it is stated, derived from Cwmsymlog alone. In 1604, about 3000 ounces of Welsh bullion were minted at one time at the Tower. To Sir Hugh Middleton and his Welsh mines the inhabitants of London are indebted for that water supply which they obtain from the New River. Upon the great plan of bringing the New River from Ware to London, he expended his fortune and applied to government for money to finish the work. With James I., the Lord Mayor and Corporation, Hugh Middleton witnessed “the first issue of the water from the head at Islington”—but by a series of misfortunes was reduced to the necessity of working as a surveyor. From the mines of Goginan, Cwmervin, Tal-y-bont, and Darran, Mr. Bushel subsequently obtained much wealth. He established a mint at Aberystwith, and devoted his silver coinage to the royalist cause—clothing, it is said, “King Charles the First's whole army from the profit of this work.” These mines were abandoned during the civil wars, and eventually they became the property of Sir Humphry Mackworth, and with his sanction Mr. Waller announced “The Mine Adventure,” one of the grandest of Mining Bubbles, of which the earth hath many. “This Adventure,” says a prospectus of it, preserved in the British Museum, “is recommended to the world as an undertaking, whereby not only His Majesty's customs and the trade and wealth of England will be advanced by the lead and copper being commodities and manufactures of our own country, and thereby the exportation of our coin and bullion, obtained with so great difficulty from the Spanish Indies, in great measure prevented.” The scheme assumed the form of a lottery—those who drew blanks were only creditors to the mines, and were to receive 6 per cent. for their money. Those who drew prizes were shareholders. Out of the surplus profits, schools were to be endowed, poor curacies enriched, and widows supported. It all, however, ended in a quarrel between Sir Humphry Mackworth and Mr. Waller, who unscrupulously charged Sir Humphry with fraud and deception; the matter was

brought before the House of Commons, but the 650 shareholders gained nothing by their inquiry.

Such was the character of British mining, and such, unfortunately, is still, in too many instances, a distinguishing feature of the schemes which are laid before the monied public. Exaggerated statements of facts and conditions, giving rise to the most unfounded hopes, ending most frequently in disappointment. Our author writes on the ‘Cost Book System,’ as it is called, as the great safeguard to the shareholder. This has been often called ‘the Cost Book Puzzle.’ It appears simply to mean a contract to carry on works between several individuals, the directors having authority to manage the concern with the funds supplied, but not to pledge the credit of the individual shareholders, the accounts in the ‘Cost Book’ being the amount of their liabilities.

Mr. Bartlett would persuade his readers that mining may be made “an eligible and secure investment of capital.” This we consider as a somewhat hasty statement. Mining must always be more or less speculative, although attention to physical conditions may tend to remove a small portion of the risk in which the search for metals is involved. Our author himself says, in one part of his work :

“The discovery of mineral riches in our Cornish and Devon districts may indeed be said to depend, even at the present period, on the acuteness and sagacity of—comparatively speaking—the unlettered working man. Within a few years great improvements have undoubtedly taken place in various departments of his labour, but still it must not be lost sight of, that to a wonderful extent the discoveries made have mainly depended on his crude observation of the signs, and metallic indications detected in the soil, and the springs which take their rise therein; but it too frequently occurs that a hope emanating from a morbid desire of acquiring riches, like an *ignis fatuus*, leads the adventurer into strait, perhaps utter ruin; or, wreathing shadows around his spirit, lulls him for a season into a calm delusive confidence, until at length his ‘Huel-dream’ of happiness vanishes before a stern and desolate reality.

“Of the various methods resorted to by miners for the discovery of lodes, the most curious and interesting is that of the ‘*Virgula Divinatoria*,’ or divining wand, the first application of which to such purposes has been ascribed to those whose knowledge of occult sciences caused them, in the early ages, to be regarded as magicians and necromancers; nor can we hesitate to believe the wonderful effects such an exhibition of ‘demon sleight,’ as the virgula apparently possessed, had on those generations whose principal characteristic was superstition, and that fanatic credulity which allowed to human beings a power in some respects equal to that of the Divinity, and so balanced the active attributes of the All-designer of good and the spirits of evil, that reason paused in its adoration of the one, appalled by the inconsistent creation of the other.”

Mr. Bartlett is not, however, quite free from a lingering superstition on the subject of the Divining Rod, as we may infer from the following paragraph :

“In speaking of the ‘*Virgula Divinatoria*,’ upon the potency of which as a medium of discovery no inconsiderable stress has been laid, we are not prepared, in these magnetic times, to totally deny its ‘*virtues*,’ or to run the slightest risk by tilting against certain new discoveries in the sphere of affinity which govern the mesmeric schools.”

Having often witnessed the practice of the Divining Rod, after having seen it bend to the earth in the hands of the Diviner—as by some attractive force—we are bound to declare our firm conviction that it is from first to last a

fallacy, and too often a cheat;—the bending of the hazel twig being due only to the muscular force applied at its ends, owing, often, to the unnatural position in which the rod is held, and it is frequently produced by design on the part of the operator. The latter portion of the paragraph quoted needs no comment.

In the distribution of mineral lodes it is quite certain there is an order of arrangement referable to some natural laws; but these are not sufficiently defined to be taken as a certain guide. We have a large number of facts, pointing to some general order of distribution. The copper lodes of Cornwall take a main direction from the north of south to the south of west, and where this line is departed from the character of the mineral contained in the *lode* or *vein* is altered. Those lodes which run north and south are usually, in the western districts of England, sulphurets of lead containing silver. In every mineral district it will be found that the great deposits of metalliferous matter take place near the junction of two dissimilar rocks, as the granite and slate, or the like. Whether these conditions have anything to do with terrestrial magnetism—as Mr. Hopkins somewhat too hastily assumed—is a question requiring a far more extensive examination than has yet been given to the subject. Certain, however, it is, that by the agency of voltaic electricity we are enabled to imitate many of the results which obtain in the metalliferous mines.

The rapid advance in every branch of our mining industry (except in the production of tin, which has remained nearly stationary for more than a century) strongly demands the attention of every individual interested in the wealth hid in our native rocks. It is only within comparatively a few years that copper mines have been thought of sufficient value to be worked, and tin mines were abandoned when the miner 'came to the yellows'—the yellow sulphuret of copper and iron—from the belief that they were valueless, and that they always 'cut out the tin.' At the present day, in our most productive mineral localities, many valuable metalliferous minerals are thrown to the 'deads,' as the heaps of rubbish rose to the surface are called. Metallurgy has scarcely yet received any scientific attention—each smelting process being the rough result of experience merely. It is, however, to be hoped that the attention of our government is about to be turned to this deficiency in national education. Our zinc, silver, and, above all, our coal and iron mines, make our mineral produce larger than that of all the kingdoms of Europe combined; and yet, when every petty German state has its mining school, England has no establishment in which mining can be studied—a sad reflection on the foresight of practical Englishmen. We have made this book the heading of the present article, although we hesitated on the propriety of doing so, since the advertisement of a mine 'now at work on the "Cost Book" principle,' which appears at the end of this thin volume, and a second, of 'British and Foreign Registry Offices,' too evidently betrays the purpose with which the book was written.

The author is not without ability; he has, no doubt, some practical acquaintance with his subject, and on some points his work affords information. We therefore were induced to waive our serious objection to the 'puff indirect,' leading to the more direct application of this system, hoping to impart some knowledge on a subject of which the generality of the public are ignorant.

*Eugenie: the Young Laundress of the Bastille.*

By Marin de la Voye. Hope and Co.

THERE is a strain of impertinence, if we may use the expression, and of ultra-French pruriency throughout this novel, that we cannot too strongly condemn. The feeble hero, who is constantly on his knees, weeping, fainting, or otherwise making a fool of himself, is the son of a British earl; in Paris he falls in love with a French washerwoman, a strong domestic heroine, who turns out to be an English lady of rank, and, conveniently enough, grandchild to the titled owner of the next estate to his father's. A most extraordinary family this, too, of the laundress; each individual invariably running away from his next of kin, wife, family, or children. But the story is so improbable and disjointed, and moreover, told so incoherently, that it would be impossible to give the reader an idea of the plot, if such there were. Indeed, the author sets proudly forth his determination to make the work incomprehensible to all who shall presume to skip, skim, or otherwise miss any part of its valuable pages; but (alas! that we are compelled to confess such a task), an attentive perusal has rendered the plot more hopelessly vague to us than it appeared at a cursory view. There are two establishments, or rather amateur lunatic asylums, the one called 'the kiosk,' the villa of the retired tradesman 'Snobgold'; here everything is orientalised; they have pagodas, palanquins, and Brahmin temples, mechanical alligators, and other animals, that spring out on the unwary visitors, and they seriously talk of blacking the maidservants all over, 'and nothing else on,' to represent Hindoo Bayaderes. The young Snobgold purloins the title-deeds of the Lord D'Harcourt; the windows are sealed by means of 'an astonishingly buoyant air-balloon,' he then burns his own, and shoots himself, for no particular reason that we can adduce.

Lunatic Asylum the Second is 'Shipsham,' the residence of an old post-captain, one 'Toperway,' where all condemned vessels are bought, and stored as in a museum, and the nautical maniacs of this Thames-marine settlement hoist masts with distinctive gear, to show their particular rank, and are always chaunting patriotic paens. A young lady in a boat, that goes adrift from the bank here, we find singing in a kind of '*accès de lyrisme*,' to the effect that she will be the prize of whoever secures the boat, a feat accomplished by a gentleman who divests himself of all impediments for the purpose. The old post-captain, in his excitement at the return of his nephew's valet, climbs a tall pillar (from ancient middy habits), and shouts and waves his hat insanely. Then we have a colonel, 'Sir Nicholas Highbred,' a firm believer in the metempsychosis, who, at the battle of Fontenoy, to revenge his wounded friend (*i.e.*, his horse) Tudor, charges unnecessarily, shouting, "Tudor, strike for Tudor! charge for Tudor!" And last, but not least, we have a Monsieur Cuiré, a cobbler; this miraculous being is something between a beneficent spirit, a Bow-street runner, and a harlequin. This shoe-stitcher is also a French marquis, an English earl, a colonel of dragoons, and a Franciscan friar—bands of robbers are under his control, as is also the French police; he is intimate with kings, bishops, and statesmen; his power is unlimited, and he has the gift of ubiquity; arrows sped by him discharge ominous messages; he darts from behind pillars; his voice is heard constantly through

wainscots and beneath floors, uttering warnings or oracular intimations; he enters and quits gentlemen's houses without their knowledge or permission; and all this while he is cobbling the shoes of the Bastille prisoners, as real brother to the washerwoman heroine. Then his deserted son, who is wise enough not to know his own father (a hero, too, of course), who charged at the head of his regiment at Fontenoy as 'cornet of a company of horse,' meets an old gentleman, who falls from his horse in a fit, on a country road, when "Heavens! that face—that voice!" &c. immediately restores him to his relations, the old gentleman being the papa of the wonder-working cobbler, and his own grandfather.

In the concluding chapter, the *dramatis personæ* are assembled at the hero's noble papa's mansion in England, to discuss the betrothal of the lovers. The scene described is something between the *dénouement* of a fairy ballet and a red fire catastrophe at Astley's. Some difficulty arising, one of the heroes drives his head through a pane of glass, and 'speaks his mind.' But just as obstacles seem insurmountable, a carriage and four dashes up at full gallop, from which springs a red-cross knight, armed *cap-à-pie*, in complete mail, with heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, who makes everything straight by defying everybody to mortal combat.

Such intolerable nonsense must not be passed over without a word of condemnation. It would be scarcely tolerable in the *feuilleton* of the lowest Paris newspaper.

SUMMARY.

*Transportation not necessary.* By C. B. Adderley, Esq., M.P. Parker.

A CERTAIN refinement, the result, perhaps, of a general advance in civilisation, has made secondary punishment a difficulty in our social state not easily dealt with. We cannot tolerate the infliction of death, unless in cases of very atrocious crime; and we cannot tolerate the exhibition of criminals who have deserved death, undergoing the secondary punishment awarded of severe labour in chains, before the eyes of the public. We ship off such malefactors to our penal colonies. We spare the feelings of the higher classes, but the example, and the sight of punishment following guilt, are lost to the lower classes, on whom the influences deterring from crime should act. If we shut them up in prisons at home, the influences are almost equally lost. On the Continent the public is not so delicate. The convict in chains sweeps the streets and market-places, works on the public buildings or fortifications, and is purposely exposed, as part of his punishment, and of its effect on others, to the public gaze. If our delicacy would permit it, no more certain prevention of crime could be devised, than showing daily to the criminal and dangerous classes the convicted undergoing their punishment. It might be hard on the innocent friends and relatives of the convict to have his degradation paraded before the public; but this would itself be a great preventive of crime. Transportation is inefficient, not only because no one sees the punishment, but no one among the lower classes believes it is a punishment. At present, when our national defences are attracting some attention, penal labour might surely be applied to the construction of military lines and fortifications at the points commanding our railway communications, and to the preparing some strong places in the case of sudden tumult at home, or war at a future day. We are transporting, and supporting at a vast expense, the very labour we might apply beneficially at home.

*Poems.* By Q. De Jean. McGlashan. THE preface of this little volume almost precludes any criticism of its contents. We do not measure

by ordinary rules the merit of a book which professes to appear without those claims to literary reputation which it is alone the duty of a reviewer to examine. With other and more private motives of publication, except those expressly revealed, neither uncourteous critic nor courteous reader has to do. Mr. Thackeray, in replying to the reviewer of his Christmas tale, with just satire rebukes the departure from this rule of literary usage. But in the case of the volume before us, we are told that it is "published by subscription, and edited by a few friends, through want of a more hopeful means to do the author a permanent service." He has the frankness to say himself, as to the motive of publication, that Pope's satirical line, "Obliged by hunger and request of friends," comes nearer to the truth than anything else he could say on the subject, and we shall be glad if the publicity of this notice prove of any service to one who is further stated to be in a condition of hopeless ill-health. The volume is a selection from contributions to the Dublin University Magazine, and other leading periodicals. Having already passed these ordeals of editorial examination, we need say nothing of the merit of the poems further than that many of them deserve the more permanent form in which they now appear.

*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.* By H. G. Atkinson, F.G.S. and Harriet Martineau. Chapman.

IN the preface to this correspondence, Miss Martineau states the volume to contain the results of Mr. Atkinson's and her own collaborated reflections upon the same interesting subjects, offered without the compass or order of a treatise, and takes the responsibility of its publication, hoping to be corrected when wrong,—enlightened when dim or blind,—and sympathized with by those who estimate truth and freedom. Glancing over the contents, some subjects pregnant with discussion occur, in phrenology, psychology, mesmerism, and materialism, with some little about ghost-seeing and unrevealed human relations.

*The London University Calendar for 1851.*

R. and J. E. Taylor.

THIS is a most useful, indeed, almost a necessary guide for students who are preparing to graduate, as well as to those who have already gone through some of the terrible ordeals successfully, and are looking forward to exemption from the *status pupillaris*. Few things can be more mortifying to a candidate for degree, than to find, after a lengthened and arduous course of preparation, that from some non-compliance with regulations, he is not admissible for examination; yet this disappointment has frequently occurred from the difficulty of becoming fully acquainted with all the required processes of form. The Calendar in this volume contains all the examination days printed in red ink; the various subjects on which students are examined—both in arts and medicine; the rules for determining the relative position of candidates in merit; the fees to be paid; the scholarships and exhibitions offered as honours, and the conditions upon which they are awarded; also lists of all the graduates and under-graduates since the foundation, and the honours they have attained. The remaining half of the book is made up with the whole of the examination papers of the past year, forming a most interesting and instructive part of this very complete undertaking.

*A Commentary on the Te Deum, chiefly from ancient sources.* By A. P. Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. Masters.

THE bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church have been for some years past more conspicuous for their ultra-High-Church tendencies and predilections than for anything else. Their school of divinity accords far more closely with the tenets of Laud, than with those of the writers of the 'Homilies' of the Church of England. And the work now before us has all the characteristics of the class. The author's remarks are chiefly derived from the Fathers and early writers, such as Bede, Thomas Aquinas, &c. The Scotch Episcopalians are naturally much

opposed to their Presbyterian brethren, and it is rather amusing to find Bishop Forbes reviving the notion of some old writers, that our three orders of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, are what he calls a 'reflection' from the three hierarchies into which he supposes the angels to be divided. We on this side of the Tweed are generally content to defend our forms of Church government upon Apostolic authority; but our Episcopal friends in Scotland must need trace to a still higher source these 'divers orders in the Church.' On the whole, we are not disposed to think that Dr. Forbes' work will be any great acquisition to our stock of theological literature.

*Sermons in Sonnets; with a Text on the New Year, and other Poems.* By the Rev. Chancy Hare Townsend. Chapman and Hall.

THE bulk of this volume consists of sonnets on sacred subjects, condensed sermons on upwards of a hundred texts of scripture. A large proportion of the other poems on general subjects are also in the same metrical form. The sonnet is a difficult structure of verse to compose well, and Mr. Townsend uses it with a skill and correctness to which few attain. In the subject matter of his poetry there is not much that is striking or original. We read with pleasure, but without excitement, his serious thoughts, or his simple descriptions. The words in which he in one place addresses his muse are faithfully characteristic of the poetic spirit of the volume:—

"Not stately is my muse. Thus much at least  
To thee belongs—thou dost not pant and strain  
Lest thou shouldst fall into a common vein."

Finding little either to praise or to censure strongly, we shall content ourselves with giving one specimen of the author's style from his Miscellaneous Sonnets:—

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'OLIVER TWIST.'

"Man of the genial mind! to thee a debt  
No usurer records I largely owe!  
Thy portraiture of life so warmly glow,  
They clear the spirit of its old regret,  
And from the very heart that's smarting yet  
At human baseness, bid kind feelings flow.  
'Tis thine our nature's lights and shades to show,  
Redeeming these by those, till we forget  
The evil in the good. Thy vigorous hand  
Smites but to heal, and turns with master-ease  
The mighty engine of the popular mind  
To indignation, which shall purge the land  
Of sanction'd sins. For such high services  
I thank thee in the name of human-kind!"

*Du Bourg; or, The Mercuriale: a Sketch of the Secret Church of Paris in the Middle of the Sixteenth Century.* By M. A. S. Barber. Nisbets.

THIS work narrates the imprisonment and trial of Du Bourg, an ecclesiastical counsellor in the parliament of Paris in the time of Henry II., son of Francis I. On account of a speech made in the parliament, he was suspected of being attached to the Protestant faith, and of being a member of the Reformed, or, as it was then called, the Secret Church of Paris. He was summoned before the Mercuriale, a private tribunal which had been established by Charles VIII. for the censorship of morals in the parliaments and public courts of the kingdom. The court was so named from its sittings being held on Wednesdays, *dies Mercurii*. In reading the story of Du Bourg's trial and martyrdom, much information is obtained as to the spirit of these times. It is also an instructive episode in history on the points at issue between the Reformation and the Papacy. Great labour seems to have been expended in collecting the materials of the work, and authors of all shades of opinion have been consulted, of whom a list is given in the preface, including Father Daniel the Jesuit, Theodore Beza, and moderate writers, such as De Thou and Paoli Sarpi. Good judgment has been shown in the selection and arrangement of these materials, so as to form a faithful and interesting historical narrative.

*The Philosophy of Ragged Schools.* Pickering. THE true philosophy of ragged schools lies in the basin of soup. The temptation of a warm meal and a warm room brings together the children of the dangerous classes. The parents feel the relief to their time and means, and, unless in the cases of confirmed thieves, who require the aid of their

children in stealing, they are willing to send their children to the ragged school, notwithstanding the odious name, destructive of all feeling of self-respect in the parents and children, which it has pleased the original founders to give to these institutions. A few of the children attain some religious knowledge, and even learn to read, write, and solve questions in arithmetic mentally: but some higher school, to take them up at this stage, and teach them habits of industry, of application to work, the use of their hands, and tools, and ingenuity in any light branches of handicraft work, seems wanting, as a supplement to the ragged school, and without it the ragged schools can be of temporary benefit only to the children and the future generation.

*Adult Evening Schools. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Norwich on the Establishment of Adult Evening Schools in Agricultural Districts.* By a Country Curate. Second edition. Longmans.

THE letter of this worthy curate shows not only the want of such schools as we have alluded to in the preceding article, but the possibility of supplying the want by self-supporting schools of the adult, in which elementary knowledge, adapted to various ages and classes, may be imparted by lectures, readings, and experiments.

*The Helleniad. An Epic Poem.* By George M'Henry. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

THE old familiar story of the successful struggle of the Greeks for their independence against Persian despotism has at length become the subject of an Epic. The first half of the poem is now published under the title of 'The Wrath of Darius,' the second part is to be called 'The Pride of Xerxes,' and the whole work, then comprehending the three invasions of Greece, is dignified by the name of 'The Helleniad.' The author enters upon his subject with enthusiasm, such as might be expected from one who in his preface says he is about "to illustrate the greatest event that has occurred since the creation of the world." With laudable perseverance the whole history is versified, from the revolt of the Ionians to the battle of Marathon, with a variety of episodes interspersed. Some passages of power and beauty occur, but at long intervals; and if we were to give both good and bad quotations, we fear the impressions of the latter would greatly predominate. It is casting no discreditable reflection on the author to say, that he lacks the genius and judgment requisite for writing a first-rate Epic. But how limited is the number of those who can even write a poem of the second class so respectable as the present. In 'The Helleniad' we read anew with interest the story of ancient Greece in her first greatness, with the additional entertainment of having a poetical narrator. If Mr. McHenry is a young writer, he may greatly improve before the publication of the second part of his poem.

*Richardson's Rural Hand-Books—Domestic Fowl.* Third Edition. Orr and Co.

GREATLY enlarged, carefully revised, some chapters completely rewritten, with several new and beautiful woodcuts, (the one at page 53, of white crested Polands, is a perfect gem,) and ground-plans of poultry houses, this now forms one of the most practical manuals on a subject picturesquely described in the following introductory paragraph:—

"Poultry-keeping is an amusement in which all classes can and do indulge. The space needed is not great, the cost of food for a few head insignificant, and the luxury of fresh eggs or home-fattened chickens and ducks not to be despised. In a large collection of poultry may be read the geography and progress of the commerce of the world. The peacock represents India, the golden pheasant and a tribe of ducks, China; the turkey, pride of our yard and our table, is one of our many debts to America; the black swan, rival of the snowy monarch of our lakes, reminds us of our Australian discoveries; while Canada and Egypt have each their goose. The large fat white ducks, models of what a duck should be—are triumphs of British breeding, affording a specimen of one of the best productions of Buckinghamshire since John Hampden, while the shining green black ones at once fit

away with us to Buenos Ayres and Dictator Rosas. And when we turn to the fowl varieties, Spain and Hamburg, Poland and Cochin China, Friesland and Bantam, Java and Negroland, beside our native Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Suffolk, and Lancashire, have each a cock to crow for them."

Our earliest pleasantest childish recollections are associated with feeding a clutch of callow chickens, sharing the anxieties of a hen about a brood of young ducks that would swim, and gazing in admiration, not unmixed with awe, on the superb parading of a peacock or the fierce gobbling of a turkey.

*The Forester. A Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest Trees, with an Improved Process for Transplantation of Trees of Larger Size.* By James Brown. Second Edition. Blackwood and Sons.

THIS is an important work upon the subject of arboriculture; it has evidently been prepared with great care, and throughout gives proof of being the work of a practical forester. Written in a style of language easily comprehensible by those likely to be employed in planting tracts of land, it will be found a useful manual. It describes the different kinds of trees, their habits and peculiarities, and the soils and situations most suited to their growth; the management of coppice-plantations, and the most profitable way of growing wood as a crop, are pointed out, as well as the rules for cutting down and selling. The method of transplanting large trees is explained, and rendered clear by drawings of the carriage employed in the operation. We may possibly return to this volume.

*Michael and the Twins.* A Tale of the Lazzaroni of Naples. By Amalie Winter. Bath: Binns and Godwin.

NICELY printed on super-excellent paper as this volume is, it nevertheless impresses us only with the idea that the pabulum so neatly got up is really unworthy of so much typographical care. The tale, although it is relieved by some descriptions of Naples, and the lazy habits of the forty thousand Lazzaroni, is but a dull affair, and not free from considerable improbability, not to say impossibility; as for example, the father of the twins who gets his living by playing the flageolet, with a baby in each pocket of his paletot, which precocious urchins soon learn to play in company, forming rather a droll trio, varied occasionally by the pets climbing up to their papa's shoulders and eating their maccaroni repast on the brim of his sombrero. The so-called 'tinted engravings,' are the second offence against good taste of Messrs. Binns and Godwin that we have had to notice. Wood engravings will not admit of this absurd treatment; such abortive attempts at novelty are not to be tolerated.

*Goldsmith's Poetical Works. With Illustrations.* Cundall and Addey.

A NEAT edition of Goldsmith's poetical works, with a memoir of the author, embellished with thirty wood engravings by John Absolon, Birket Foster, James Godwin, and Harrison Weir, and forming one of Messrs. Cundall and Addey's pretty series of Illustrated English Classics.

*Sketches of Character.* By Jane Kennedy.

Westerton.

THESE sketches belong to a class of publications scarcely amenable to criticism, of too slight a texture to be vulnerable, and of too unpretending a purpose to provoke any other comment than the hope they may increase the circle of the writer's friends. They consist of two stories: 'Julian; or, Reminiscences of Affection,' and 'Old Maids and Young Maids in Playful Moods and Mournful Moods.' People we have met every day are described with quiet and delicate humour, perhaps from rather an exclusively feminine point of view, and the foibles of society are touched with the fine hand and lively perception of a woman's wit. Though we cannot point to any very profound reflections, very subtle observations, or very brilliant language, yet a glance over their pages enables us to pronounce a favourable word on their tone and spirit. Happily avoiding the didactic, they do not

the less enforce, in very pleasant guise, teachings full of kindness, good sense, and virtue.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's *Rookwood*, 12mo, 1s. 6d., cloth, 2s.  
Ann Ash; or, *The Foundling*, 18mo, cloth, 2s.  
Barnes' *Gospels*, cloth, 4s.  
Boys's (Rev. R.) *Primitive Obliquities*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
Butler's *Atlas*, 4to, half-bound, new edition, 24s.  
——— 8vo, half-bound, new edition, 12s.  
Buxton's *Memoirs*, third edition, 8vo, cloth, 16s.  
Calendar of the Anglican Church, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Colenso's *Plane Trigonometry*, Part 1, 12mo, boards, 3s. 6d.  
Court Etiquette, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Curtis's *Beauties of the Rose*, Vol. 1, 4to, cloth, 18s.  
Evelyn's *True Religion*, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Fisk's (Rev. G.) *Sevenfold Aspect of Popery*, 12mo, 4s.  
Florist's Guide, by Ayres and Moore, imperial 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d., half-bound, morocco, 12s.  
Freeman's (E. A.) *Essay on Window Tracery*, 8vo, cl., 21s.  
Gardener's *Magazine of Botany*, by Moore and Ayres, Vol. 2, 18s., half-bound, morocco, 21s.  
Gilliland's *Literary Portraits*, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cl., 5s.  
Green's *Princesses of England*, Vol. 3, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Hemming's *Plane Trigonometry*, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
Heimann's *Fifty Lessons in German*, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Howitt's *Ballads*, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.  
——— (W.) Madam Dorrington, 3 v., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Hussey's (R.) *Rise of Papal Power*, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Longfellow's *Prose Works*, 32mo, cloth, 2s.  
Martin's (Mrs.) *Revelation of St. John Explained*, 12mo, 4s.  
McIlvone's (Dr.) *Sinner's Justification*, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Moore and Neligan's *Medicine*, third edition, 8vo, cloth, 14s.  
Pictorial Half-Hours, Vol. 3, 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Rogers' (J. G.) *Christianity and its Evidences*, 12mo, cl., 2s.  
Saxon in Ireland; or, *Rambles of an Englishman*, post 8vo, 9s. 6d.  
Sherwood's (Mrs.) *The Two Knights*, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Soane's *New Curiosities of Literature*, 2 v., post 8vo, 5s. 6d.  
Somerset's (Duke) *Alternate Circles*, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Syme's *Principles of Surgery*, third edition, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
——— *Excision of Diseased Joints*, 8vo, 5s.  
——— *Contributions to Pathology of Surgery*, 8vo, 10s. 6d.  
——— *Diseases of the Rectum*, 12mo, 5s.  
——— *Structures of the Urethra*, 8vo, 3s. 6d.  
Tourrier's *Model Book*, fourth edition, 8vo, 9s.  
Usborne's (T. H.) *Magician Priest*, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, 10s.  
Vine's *Key to Keith's Globes*, 12mo, 4s.  
White's *Abridgment of Francis' Chemistry*, 12mo, 4s.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE manner in which the Natural History of Great Britain has been investigated by private observers is one of the most gratifying features in the annals of British science. No other country can show such a series of monographs on its zoology and botany. The vast additions that have been made to our knowledge of the natural history of the British seas, during the last twelve or fifteen years, were briefly commented upon last night at the Royal Institution by Professor E. Forbes, who also gave an account of the results of the minute researches into the distribution of marine creatures around the British Islands, conducted by himself and other naturalists, and now preparing for publication in the forthcoming volume of the 'Transactions of the British Association.' It would appear that our marine fauna is made up of various elements, some derived from the north, some from the south, and some original within our area. The causes of the diffusion and mingling of these may be connected with the action of marine currents, and especially to the influence of the gulf stream, whilst many curious anomalies are to be explained by tracing back the history of the region into the geological part. A very curious fact was adverted to, viz., that whilst in the British and Mediterranean seas the deep sea creatures are of the type of a colder fauna, in the Arctic seas the reverse is the case. This was explained by the influence of the gulf stream passing beneath the Arctic current in the north, and so creating a deep sea zone of warmer temperature than the surface belt, whilst in the south the mass of colder water lies in the depth of the sea.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

FROM the interest which you appear to take, Mr. Editor, in the progress of the natural sciences, I am induced to appeal to you for protection under very distressing circumstances. Like the stuffed figure in Rosherville Gardens, I have been a merciless object of attack in the columns of a contemporary journal for some time past, but, unlike that rude type of humanity (I mean the figure), I am vulnerable in parts; and my *amour propre* has

been sorely wounded by certain comparisons that have been instituted for the benefit of foreigners, between me and the principal museums of Europe,—very much to the prejudice of my stock of beasts, birds, and shells. I can bear up against my enemies, but save me from my friends. The author of these statistics of the European collections of natural history, a diminutive *Capra*, who like yourself belongs to the *Educabilia* tribe of Mammals, only much lower down in the series, doubtless means well, but his imperfect knowledge of my own condition and that of my continental brethren, leads me to think that he is by no means that juvenescient character which his name implies. I doubt if he has paid any of us a visit since the close of the last century.

To begin with the Beasts. It is stated that my zoological department "is not as fine, perhaps, especially in Mammalia, as the collections in other countries;" and that "the continental traveller will be disappointed with the mammalia in the British Museum. The collection in Paris, containing 1500 specimens, (not *species*, mind,) is much finer, as also that at Leyden, at Frankfort, and elsewhere." Now, owing to the marked attachment that exists, as in most exhibitions of beasts, between my mammalia and their 'keeper,' the collection is by far the richest in Europe, and surpasses that of the Paris Museum to a very considerable extent. I have within my cases, arranged and named in apple-pie order, about 3500 specimens of 1200 species, being a hundred more than are to be found in any published work on the subject. It is further objected that I have an overabundance of cats, rats, and other 'small deer.' If this be a fault, it belongs to a higher power. The proportions in number, which the God of Nature has determined the larger kinds to bear to the smaller, are very fairly represented in my collection. In a monograph lately published of the large Ruminant Quadrupeds, it was especially noticed, to my credit, that all the species known, except three, are to be found in the British Museum.

"The specimens of Birds, the most complete collection in the Museum," it is stated, "in some degree make up for the deficiency in number of the mammalia. Of the six thousand known species of birds, about one-third are in the British Museum." Here is a complimentary make-weight! My collection of birds is stated to comprise only a third of the known species, and yet to be the most perfect in the Museum. I possess certainly more than half the known species, and probably two-thirds. The British birds are then recommended to be moved from the position they now occupy, along with other specimens of natural history. The writer has here overlooked a very excellent scheme, which is in course of development, to devote one room for the purpose of illustrating the complete zoology of the British Isles by itself;—a room in which anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the natural history of his own country, may pass a few hours occasionally, with the admirable works on the British Fauna by Owen, Forbes, Yarrell, Bell, and other eminent naturalists, very much to his advantage.

I now come to the Shells. In this department of zoology I am particularly rich, and hope one day or other to become inconceivably richer by the accession of a collection which is at this moment within a stone's throw of me. Yet, notwithstanding, I claim precedence in this, as in most other departments, over all the continental museums. My antiquated friend says, "The finest collection of shells in western Europe is at Leyden." And, in the plenitude of his admiration for the Parisian collection, he exclaims, "The testaceous mollusca in Paris are quite beautiful!" Now, the shells at the Jardin des Plantes are very inferior in value and number of species to mine, except in one particular tribe,—the older land snails, collected together by the late Baron de Ferussac. The Paris museum has a more extensive collection of the soft parts of mollusca in spirits, and the shells have been very much added to during the last few years, under the care of MM. Valenciennes and Rousseau,

from the exploring expeditions of the *Astrolabe*, *Bonite*, *Venus*, and other ships. Still, their specimens from these sources bear no comparison to the magnificent additions that have been made to my stores in cones, cowries, volutes, &c., from the cabinets and researches of Mr. Broderip, Mr. Cuming, Mr. Gunn, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Jukes, and other collectors and travellers. As a proof of the collection of shells at Leyden being the finest in western Europe, it is stated in the document which has brought me so reluctantly into print, that "the King of Holland has taken a great interest in them," and "from the intercourse of our neighbours the Dutch with Japan, they have secured not less than 3700 species"! Now, the Leyden collection has been scarcely added to for the last fifteen years, and so little have the Dutch profited by their intercourse with the Japanese, that they do not possess five-and-twenty species from that locality which are not in my collection. And after all, Japan, situated in the same isothermal latitude with the northern shores of the Mediterranean, which is beyond the limit of many important tropical genera, is not so very productive in shells. It yields some peculiar specific forms, but Dr. Siebold has done quite as much in Japanese conchology for me, as any Dutch naturalist has done for the museum at Leyden. Neither the present nor the late King of Holland have taken any interest whatever in shells. The latter was an amateur of art, but had little regard for nature. The late King of Denmark took a great deal of interest in shells, and his private collection, now in the possession of the University of Copenhagen, is equal to the public museum at Leyden. In rating the number of species in the Leyden collection at 3700, the writer is tolerably correct, but not in quoting its superiority in number over mine. I possess from 7000 to 8000 species, while the Cumingian collection in my rear, upon which I keep a sharp and longing eye, contains from 10,000 to 12,000 species, illustrated by nearly 30,000 specimens. Lastly, it is asserted that "Shells of themselves possess, perhaps, little scientific value." This is an old cry, but it arises out of the circumstance that the philosophy of shells is not generally understood. There is more variety and rule of form and distribution of colours in the shell than in the animal, and it presents a more complicated yet absolute assemblage of characters, depending on the nature of its fabricator, on its circumstances of habitation, and on the local physical conditions with which the animal is surrounded. It is, nevertheless, important to give an illustration of the typical form of the animal of each genus, if not of their internal structure, which belongs more properly to a museum of comparative anatomy; and this is being done, by modelling the soft parts in wax, with all the delicate filaments and brilliant colouring they present in the living state. My principal deficiency (and we all have our little failings) consists in the species not being yet determined and named, with that critical acumen which the present state of the science demands. Rome, however, was not built in a day, and it is gratifying to know that a step is being made in the right direction by the issue, at a cheap rate, of separate lists of the different departments of Zoology:—Mammalia, Reptiles, and Mollusca, by Mr. J. E. Gray; Birds, by Mr. G. R. Gray; Insects, by Mr. E. Doubleday, Mr. F. Walker, and Mr. G. Newport; and Crabs, by Mr. A. White.

I am very desirous that the attention of foreigners who come to visit the rival Exhibition of Art, should have their attention directed to my unrivalled Exhibition of Nature; but unless this is done by competent guides, it is better left undone. The foreigner has supplied himself with better information already. Mr. Audubon, son of the venerable American naturalist, of whose death we have this week received intelligence, writes in a letter, dated May 19, 1847—"I returned a few days since from my trip to the continent, and shall be glad to avail myself again of the advantages of the British Museum, for I was greatly disappointed both in Paris and Berlin. I did not find one American quadruped that I had not, or could not,

get in London. So far as the Fauna we are at work on is concerned, I think the British Museum contains as many species as all the collections I have seen put together." And Dr. Sundevall, of Stockholm, after visiting the principal museums of Europe, speaks in his 'Report of the Progress of Zoology,' "of the extraordinary richness of the collection of Mammalia" in the British Museum, and observes, that "the collection of Birds is the richest in existence."

Did I not say, Mr. Editor, that my antiquated friend, *hædorum priscissimus*, cannot have paid me a visit since the close of the last century?

MUS. BRIT.

#### JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE scientific world has to deplore the loss of the distinguished naturalist, John James Audubon, who died at New York on the 27th ult., at the advanced age of 76. Mr. Audubon was born near New Orleans. His parents were French; and his father attained the rank of admiral in the navy of that country, and was a friend of General Washington. After spending his boyhood in Louisiana, young Audubon was taken to France, where he received his education, and attained considerable proficiency as a painter under the mastership of the celebrated David.

On arriving at years of maturity, his father gave him a residence on the banks of the Schuylkill; but although surrounded with every luxury, the taste which he had acquired for ornithology in Paris inspired him with an ardent desire to become acquainted with the birds of the western and intertropical forests of America. Accordingly, in 1810, he left his home in an open skiff, with his wife and infant son, and floated down the Ohio in search of a locality more romantic, in an ornithological point of view, than that selected by his father. He fixed upon a site in Kentucky as a desirable place to settle; and having established a new home, pursued with unflagging zeal his favourite studies in every direction—roaming through the forests, sailing on every river, and drawing the hitherto undescribed birds which he shot. The history of his perilous adventures, for a period of twenty years, in which he passed through every degree of habitable latitude, constantly exposed to varied alternations of heat and cold, forms a monument of his zeal and ardent love of nature. As an illustration of his decision of character, which might be read in his prominent chin, aquiline nose, and compressed lips, it is recorded of him that on one occasion, when some great and perilous adventure was proposed to him by a friend, he decided to undertake it. On being asked when he would commence the journey, he replied 'To-morrow.' When the sun rose, Audubon was on his way. Another illustration, fully as significant, appears in his own writings. He had lost all—nearly one thousand—of his drawings by fire, and had no means of replacing them but by the renewal of the labours which had created them. He has said of that calamity—"The burning heat which rushed through my brain, when I saw my loss, was so great, that I could not sleep for several nights, and my days were oblivion; but I took up my gun, note-book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods again, as gaily as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before. In three years my portfolio was refilled."

In 1824, Mr. Audubon's pursuits took a commercial aspect. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, the well-known zoologist, proposed to purchase his drawings. Audubon considered the offer for some time, and finally resolved to publish them himself. For this purpose he visited England, where he landed as a stranger. His name, however, had gone before him, and eminent men of science pressed forward to welcome him. On the continent, Cuvier, and his old friend Humboldt, with whom he had penetrated the same tropical regions, were delighted to honour him. In the 'Cosmos,' distinguished mention is made of his talents. The publication of his great work was commenced, and completed at the end of fourteen years. Sir David Brewster, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, and

Wilson were warm supporters of this magnificent undertaking, which even exceeded the expectations of the subscribers. These numbered one hundred and seventy-five; eighty of whom were Americans.

One of the peculiarities of this superb work was its enormous double folio size; and as a natural result of its publication, enriched as it was with the details of his life's experience as a naturalist, the leading scientific societies of Europe honoured the author by enrolling him as a member. He was elected a Fellow of our Royal Society in 1830, and was, we believe, associated also with other learned bodies in this country.

A synopsis of his work was published in Edinburgh and in New York. In 1839, Audubon returned to America, and established himself on the banks of the Hudson, in a place of peaceful retirement. There he laboured with Dr. Bachman in preparing 'The Quadrupeds of America,' a work published only last year. He was assisted in some of his labours by his two sons. Most of his birds, however, were painted by himself in the forest while their plumage was fresh, and he seems never to have been satisfied with the brilliancy of his colouring, since it did not represent life itself. This desire for perfection was a great element of Audubon's success, as it must ever be to those who, wisely renouncing that wish which characterises the present age, to hasten their performances, whether in science, art, or literature, to crude and imperfect publications, prefer being at the labour and pains of revising, amending, and altering, knowing that they will surely have their reward.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Feb. 13th.

SURPRISE has often been expressed that whilst the English have taken extraordinary pains to ascertain every particular, even to the most minute, that could throw the slightest portion of light on the works or personal history of their great national poet, the French have been contented to remain in a sort of *quasi-ignorance* respecting their illustrious Molière—the Shakespeare of the comic drama. So little, in fact, did they trouble themselves about the biography of the man whose works have shed undying glory on their literature, that it was only some few years ago that the precise year in which he was born was discovered—that the register of his baptism was ferreted out of the books of the parish of St. Eustache—that it was ascertained beyond a doubt that he was not born, as had always been asserted, "sous les piliers des Halles," but in the Rue St. Honoré, and that consequently the inscription put up in 1799, and still existing on the front of the house, No. 3, Rue de la Tonnellerie, stating that he was born in that house, is false;—finally, that the maiden name of his mother, and the date and certificate of her marriage to his father, were brought to light. And yet, notwithstanding this not very creditable ignorance, the French have always entertained a profound admiration for Molière; and have proved it by erecting a statue to his honour, which is one of the ornaments of Paris.

Thanks, however, to the painstaking and intelligent bookworm, Paul Lacroix, better known as the 'Bibliophile Jacob,' the reproach which foreigners were warranted in addressing to the French for their unaccountable neglect of the private history of this great poet, is about to cease. The 'Bibliophile' has succeeded in discovering a mass of facts respecting him, some of which are totally new, while others clear up obscurities in his biography. He has also discovered several very interesting letters written by and to him; and what perhaps is more valuable than all—the outline of an unfinished comedy, consisting of about 300 lines. The latter, of course, rough and unpolished—cast indeed almost haphazard on paper—is not to be compared to such master productions as 'Tartuffe,' the 'Misanthrope,' &c. &c.; but in the estimation of many persons it is more interesting than a complete work would have been as showing how the poet constructed his comedies, and settled the characters of his personages, and

smoothed and ornamented his verse.\* Altogether, the 'Nouvelles Recherches sur la Vie et les premiers Ouvrages de Molière,' as the 'Bibliophile' intends to entitle his book, will be a most important addition to French,—nay, rather, European literature; and will cause his name to be coupled with those of Payne Collier, Charles Knight, and others who have gained renown by their enthusiastic devotedness in the worship of Shakespeare's genius. When the book shall be published, you will, no doubt, consider it worthy of an elaborate review in the *Gazette*: but, *en attendant*, permit me to mention two new facts which it contains:—In the first place, it shows that Molière's reason for turning actor and poet, in spite of the wishes of his family, was not, as heretofore supposed, an insurmountable passion for the theatre, but a violent attachment conceived for Mdlle. Béjart, a popular actress, whom he subsequently married, and whom, as is well known, made his life wretched by her gallantries. It is true that his predilection for the stage was from his earliest youth very strong, and that he for some time performed as an *amateur* in, nay, even wrote pieces for, a company managed by the Béjart family: but, I repeat, it was his love for *La Béjart*, as she was called, which caused him, to the great scandal of his parents, to reject the place of upholsterer in the King's household, which his father and grandfather had held, and to devote himself definitively to the player's calling. In the next place, the 'Bibliophile' explains, as satisfactorily perhaps as it ever will be, the poet's reason for dropping his own name of 'Poquelin,' and taking that of 'Molière.' On this point, when questioned, Molière himself would never give any explanation; and his biographers have been obliged to assume that he made the change partly for the sake of euphony, partly not to give pain to his family by seeing their name dragged on the stage; but why he adopted the *nom de guerre* of Molière in preference to any other they could not tell. The 'Bibliophile's' explanation is this: "In those days it was the fashion for the females called 'Les Précieuses,' who, as is known, affected to unite in their own persons the qualities of blue-stockings, ladies of fashion, patronesses of literature, and concoclers and retailers of wit, to assume the name of some heroine of romance, and to make all their *clique* address them constantly by it. They at the same time conferred similar names on their 'slaves,' as their male admirers were foolishly designated. Amongst these 'précieuses' was the famous *La Béjart*; and her *ruelles*, that is, her receptions (the 'précieuse,' by the way, was accustomed to lie in a state bed to receive her visitors) were naturally attended by Poquelin. It so happened that a writer, named François de Molière, enjoyed at that time great popularity, and the names of his personages were assumed by many of the 'précieuses.' One of the first works of Poquelin (none of them have survived) is supposed to have been a tragedy called 'Polixène,' borrowed from a much admired posthumous romance, under that title, of this author; and this circumstance, it is imagined, must have led *La Béjart* to designate Poquelin 'Molière.' Being thus generally known in the Béjart circle as Molière, the poet naturally took the same name when he went on the stage, and kept it ever afterwards.

Our picture-newspaper, the *Illustration*, gives in its last number an engraving of considerable literary interest,—the veritable portrait of Cervantes, by no less a painter than Velasquez. M. Viardot, the well-known author, himself a Spaniard, in a notice which accompanies the portrait, recognises it unhesitatingly as authentic. He explains that Velasquez made it from sketches left him by his father-in-law, Pacheco, with whom Cervantes was intimate; the artist, furthermore, was probably aided partly by his own recollection, partly by the description of Cervantes' friends. If the portrait, however, be

\* Molière took excessive pains with all his comedies, and was never satisfied with what he had done. He would never, however, consent to make alterations, even of a single line, of which he did not fully approve—not even when requested to do so by royal personages. Boileau has written of him—

"Il plait à tout le monde, et ne saurait se plaire!"

not the *vera effigies*, one may safely say that it ought to be,—for it would be difficult to find a more appropriate phiz for the immortal historian of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The forehead is lofty and massive, the mouth, chin, and nose finely modelled and strikingly expressive, and the eye—such an eye!—it beams with intelligence, and has a 'laughing devil' in the midst.

#### VARIETIES.

*The British Institution.*—The best work in the gallery, which is seen immediately on entering, is a fine English landscape, by the joint hands of Creswick and Ansdell—a glorious open champagne country, a broad extent of hill and dale, over which the eye wanders in a reverie of fancied delight—along the winding river, touched with light here and there—over the fleecy sky, through which the warm light streams, quietly falling upon the broken roadway and the little old mill in the middle-ground, lighting up weeds, and dock-leaves, and twigs in all their delicate form. In the foreground is the group of figures by Ansdell, three old plough-horses resting from their morning's work, and their masters enjoying their healthy meal, brought to them by the fresh-looking country lass; a dark-brown dog stands strong against the bright light, and seems to be annoyed by some crows that are settling too near for him. It is called 'England—a day in the country'; it is altogether a very charming picture, and we leave it with regret, increased at every step, till astonishment seizes us as we stand before a brilliant sunset by T. Danby. The sky is blazing with yellow, and flaked with the stormy remains of cloud; the sea is heaving and splashing over the rocks in the foreground, on which stand some poor shipwrecked sailors; it is a striking picture, and denotes study of nature. Much the same may be said of 491, another sunset effect at sea by another Danby, and both sons of the Danby, who promise well. The view of the 'Temple of Osiris,' by D. Roberts, cannot be passed by for curiosity's sake, but it is not pleasing as a picture. The visitor will be attracted by the large picture of Mr. Newenham's 'Mary of Modena escaping with her Infant,' but his admiration will not rivet him long, and he passes on to look at a fine figure of one of the old Moors of Granada, an admirably studied picture by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. Hereabouts, too, there is a landscape called 'Barking Trees,' by W. H. Galsworthy, that deserves to be pointed out. Avoiding 'the Junction of the Red Sandstone and Silurian Rocks,' as perpetrated by J. Hall, we are enticed by the amount of ultra blue bestowed upon a picture by J. Martin, all for the sake of Arthur and *Ægle* in a happy valley and the stars that shine above them. Blue is a very pretty colour, but an expensive luxury when squandered thus recklessly. Among the pictures of note we may include 'The Grace,' by F. Goodhall; 'The Celebration of St. Stephanus in Hungary,' by Zeitter; 'Fruit,' by G. Lance; 'Cattle and Figures waiting for the Ferry Boat,' by J. Dearman; 'The Eagle's Throne,' by J. Wolf; and last, not least, 'A New Situation and a Deaf Mistress,' by George Cruikshank, who has another humorous sketch called 'Dressing for the Day.'

*The Royal Academy.*—The gentlemen elected from the body of the associates to the honour of full academicians are:—R. Redgrave, John Watson Gordon, and T. Creswick. The course of lectures on sculpture by the professor, Sir R. Westmacott, will be commenced on the 17th inst., and continued on the five following Mondays. The lectures on painting will be given by Professor Leslie, on six successive Thursdays, beginning on the 20th inst.

*Another Pictorial Exhibition.*—M. Cambus, the principal scene-painter at the *Grand Opera*, has completed a panorama of one of the most interesting portions of Paris, St. Cloud and Versailles. From the Barrière de l'Etoile, the spectator is gently led along the Champs Elysées to the Tuilleries, visiting in his route the Summer Circus, the Elysée Bourbon, and the Place de la Concorde. These places are delineated with great accuracy, and the architecture and figures are admirably painted; but the foliage has in some places an

unfinished appearance. In the second section of the panorama we are introduced to individual scenes at St. Cloud and Versailles, not omitting the pretty view of Diogenes' Lantern from the dell below it, or the Cascade, familiar to all who have visited the imperial residence. The peculiar feature of M. Cambus's picture is postponed until the last scene, where, in the gardens of Versailles, we see the famous Fountain of Neptune playing *real water*.

*Geographical Society.*—The ascent of the cataract of the White Nile has been successfully accomplished. The expedition, consisting of the missionaries Dr. Knoblicher (Vicar), Don Angelo Bineo, and Don Emanuel Pedemonte, started with seven vessels from Khartum, on Nov. 13, 1849. On the 14th Jan., 1850, the great cataract was for the first time luckily ascended, under the guidance of their bold pilot, Suleiman Abu Zaid, favoured by a strong north wind. Immediately above the cataract the navigation of the river was rendered extremely difficult by sandbanks, and higher up by rocks. At the village of Tokiman, the surprise of the natives at the sight of the vessels and of the white men, was amusing. The party arrived at Logwek on the 16th of January, where Dr. Knoblicher ascended a lofty granite hill, from the top of which the White Nile could be seen stretching away to the south-west, and in the distant horizon the summits of a range of lofty mountains could be distinctly traced. At the 4° lat., the Nile was 200 yards broad, and from two to three deep.

*Mr. Macready and the Oxonians.*—The authorities of the University of Oxford threw open their academical theatre to Mr. Lumley, for a concert, of which Jenny Lind was the star. They have refused their theatre to our greatest dramatic artist, in the accomplishment of a noble and national purpose,—a Shakespeare reading, of which the entire receipts were to be devoted to the completion of the fund for the purchase of Shakespeare's house for the nation, and the whole expenses generously incurred by Mr. Macready himself. The dignitaries are startled from their propriety into devotion almost Anacreontic by the foreign opera-singer, but are impenetrable to the fascinations of Shakespeare, even under circumstances the most honourable.

*Salford Peel Monument.*—The first prize of 50l. is awarded to Mr. M. Noble for his model of a statue to be erected in bronze; the second prize of 25l. to Mr. T. Worthington for his design of a fountain; and the third prize of 10l. to Mr. E. B. Stephens for his model of a statue.

*The Society of Friends.*—We learn that Mr. Howitt is preparing a work to be entitled 'George Fox and his Friends.' We trust the author is well acquainted with the exemplary and misguided body of men whose history he has undertaken to describe.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Statistical, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.  
*Thursday.*—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.  
*Friday.*—Royal Institution (Mr. Carpmael on the Manufacture of Candles), 8½ p.m.—Philological, 8 p.m.—Geological (Anniversary), 1 p.m.  
*Saturday.*—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Botanic, 8½ p.m.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Index for 1850 may be procured *gratis* of the news-vendors.

Clericus has our thanks for his 'Pilgrim's Progress Verified.' It is true we propose to be partially retrospective in our reviews, but only so far as regards new editions of works of established merit.

S. H. A. is also thanked.

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

MR. MASTERMAN, Treasurer of the *FISTULA INFIRMARY*, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a munificent donation of THREE THOUSAND POUNDS, paid by an individual, confidentially, to Mr. FREDERICK SALMON, the *Honorary Surgeon and Founder of the Institution*; and begs to apprise the Donor of this truly charitable, generous, and serviceable gift, that in accordance with the desire expressed to that gentleman, the amount has been carried to the credit of the *BUILDING FUND of the NEW HOSPITAL*, about to be erected in the City Road, upon the site of the Dyers' Almshouses, which has been purchased for that purpose by the Committee of the *Infirmary*.—55, NICHOLAS LANE, JAN. 30, 1851.

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An Extraordinary General Meeting of Proprietors will also be held at the same place, on the same day, at half-past 1 o'clock, to take into consideration the propriety of altering part of the existing laws, regulations, and provisions of the Society, pursuant to the deed of constitution.

The election of an auditor on the part of the ASSURED will also take place on Wednesday, the 5th day of March, between the hours of 11 and 2 o'clock. All persons ASSURED for the whole term of life, and qualified to vote, are hereby referred to the conditions endorsed on their policies for information concerning the candidate to be proposed.

GEORGE H. PINCKARD, Resident Secretary.  
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